FRONTISPIECE.
to the Beauties of Shakespeare.

Romeo.—Lady, by yonder blessed Moon I swear —
That tips with silver all these fruit tree tops. ——

The BEAUTIES of Shakspeare;

Selected from his

WORKS.

To which are added,

the principal Scenes in the same Author.

The Seventh Edition,

corrected, revised and enlarged.

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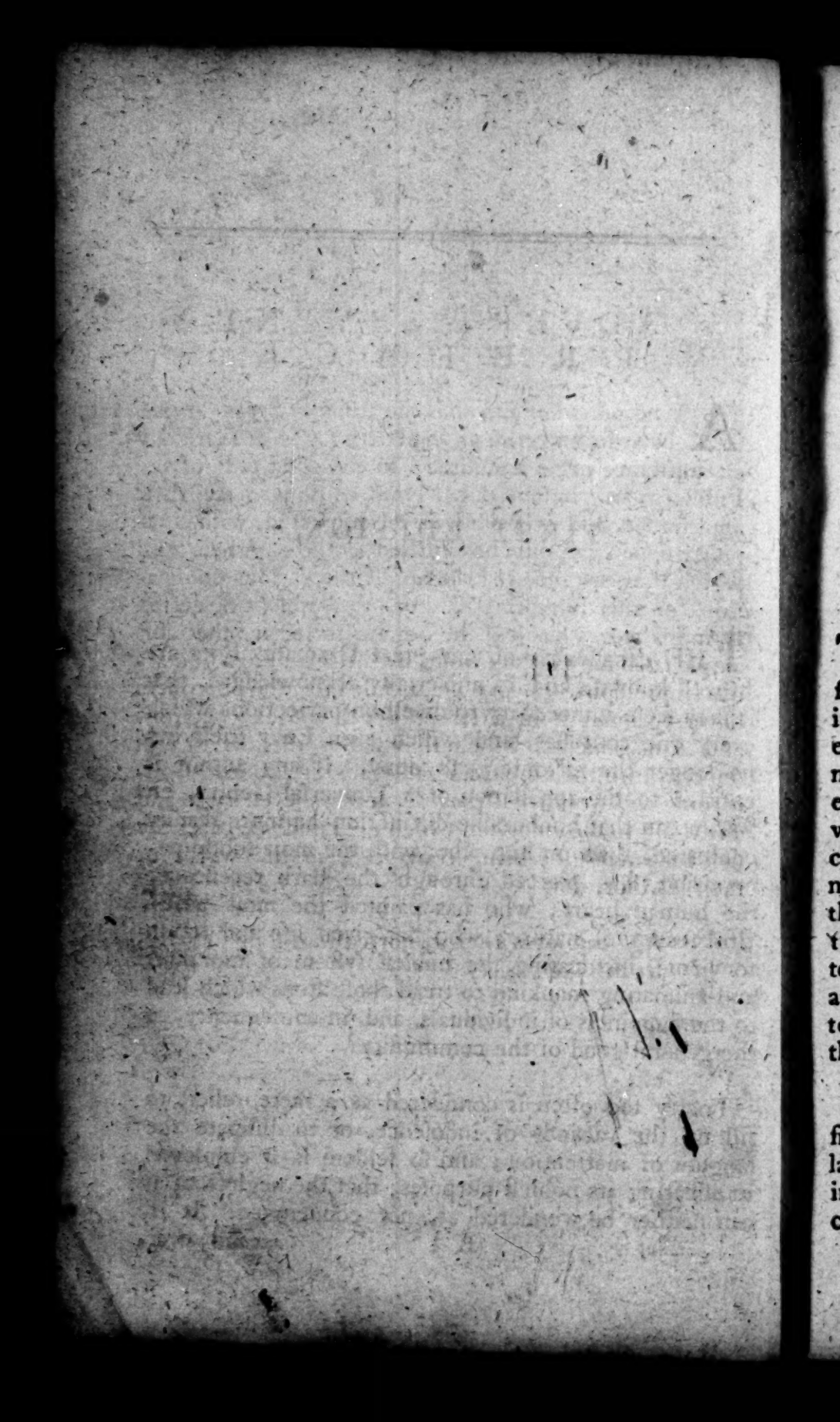
AT no period of time has the ſtudy of SHAKSPEARE been ſo univerſal as at preſent; nor is there any circumſtance more honourable to the good taſte of the Public to be pointed out. New editions make their appearance, and new editions are projected, with a rapidity which can only be equalled by the eagerneſs with which they are received. Amidſt the various publications of this immortal Author, the preſent Selection from his works has had the honour to receive the moſt ample teſtimony in its favour, by the ſale of five numerous impreſſions. Being again called for, the publiſhers have reprinted it in a larger Type, with Corrections and Amendments, which they flatter themſelves will do credit to their own liberality and attention. Concerning the work itſelf they deem it unneceſſary to add any thing to the eulogium which the rapid ſale bears the beſt teſtimony of; being convinced, in the words of their Author, that

" Age cannot wither it, nor cuſtom ſtale
" Its infinite variety."

T. Davison,
White-friars.

A PRE-



PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION,

1784.

THE excellences of our great Dramatic Poet are ſo well known, and ſo univerſally acknowledged, that it may ſeem unneceſſary to dwell on perfections which every one confeſſes, and which even Envy itſelf has no longer the effrontery to deny. If any author is entitled to the appellation of a Univerſal Genius, on whom can that honourable diſtinction be more readily conferred, than on him who, with the moſt ſubtle penetration, has pierced through the dark receſſes of the human heart; who has painted the moſt beautiful ſcenes of nature; who has given life and action to virtue, inculcating the nobleſt ſyſtem of morality, and animating mankind to tread thoſe ſteps which lead to the happineſs of individuals, and, in conſequence, to the general good of the community?

Poetry too often is conſidered as a mere relief, to fill up the vacancy of indolence, or to diſſipate the languor of inattention; and ſo ſeldom is it employed in effecting its nobleſt purpoſes, that the neglect of it can neither be wondered at, nor condemned. It is,

however, calculated to anſwer ends more important than the gratification of idleneſs: the purpoſes of amuſement are, and ought to be, only its ſecondary conſiderations. It has for its ultimate object the intereſt and welfare of ſociety; and, if properly directed, may be made inſtrumental in enlarging the mind, extending the views; and, by ſupplying materials for reflection, imperceptibly leads mankind to the knowledge and practice of virtue.

It is well obſerved by an excellent writer*, that "we are apt to conſider *Shakſpeare* only as a poet, but "he is certainly one of the greateſt moral philoſophers "that ever lived." And of the ſame ſentiments is the never-enough-to-be-commended author who may himſelf be called the Moral Philoſopher of the preſent times: "It is ſaid of *Euripides*, that every verſe was a "precept: and it may be ſaid of *Shakſpeare*, that from "his works may be collected a ſyſtem of civil and "œconomical prudence†." Again, "From his writings "a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be collected‡." Theſe ſentiments frequently ſuggeſted themſelves to the collector of the preſent volume, long before he ſaw them confirmed by ſuch reſpectable authorities. The idea thus preſented to his mind, firſt gave riſe to a wiſh, that the truth of it might be exemplified in a ſelection of thoſe obſervations on the conduct of human life, ſcattered through various parts of the writings of our divine author, digeſted and arranged in that order that might be uſeful as well to the learned as the uninformed, to the ſcholar as to the novice. He thought ſuch a compilation would be very generally uſeful; and was convinced that in the whole circle of Engliſh literature, no author afforded ſo many and ſuch various obſervations on life and man-

* Mrs. *Montague*'s Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of *Shakſpeare*, 8vo. p. 59, ſecond edition.

† Preface to *Johnſon*'s *Shakſpeare*, p. 5.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 15.

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ners—ſo much and ſuch uſeful knowledge of the human heart.

As the title of this volume agrees with the work of a late unfortunate Author, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that the preſent performance was begun with different views from its predeceſſor, and is conducted in a different manner. The end of the former appears to have been intended chiefly as a vehicle to diſplay the compiler's reading and critical talents. The preſent has no higher aims than a ſelection uſeful for reference to the learned, for inſtruction to the ignorant, and for information to all. The knowledge which may be derived from it, is too extenſive to be pointed out in this place; but it may be aſſerted, with modeſty and truth, that whoever is concerned in the buſineſs of education, will find it very ſerviceable in impreſſing on the memory of youth ſome of the ſublimeſt and moſt important leſſons of morality and religion. As ſuch, it is offered to the attention of inſtructors of both ſexes; as ſuch, the Compiler does not heſitate to ſay, no perſon, into whoſe hands it may come, will meet with any diſappointment.

THUS far the preſent Compiler ventured to deliver his opinion on the firſt publication of this work; and he feels ſome ſatisfaction in diſcovering that he has not been ſingular in his ideas. The ſale of very large impreſſions of the former editions has prompted him to reviſe and improve the collection, to render it ſtill more uſeful, and ſtill more worthy the favour which has been ſhewn it. Beſides, therefore, an addition of beautiful paſſages, there is now added a Selection of detached Scenes from different Plays, which cannot but afford

pleaſure to the admirers of this divine poet. To enlarge further on the preſent work the Editor deems unneceſſary, as the public approbation has already given ſo complete and ſo ſatisfactory a ſanction to his labours. He therefore once again preſents it to the world, in full confidence that the more it is examined, the more apparent its uſefulneſs will be found; convinced that the ſtudy of the beſt Poet in the world will produce the moſt beneficial influence on the great intereſts of Society.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE*.

THIS amazing genius, no leſs the glory of his own country than of human nature, was the ſon of Mr. *John Shakſpeare*, and was born at *Stratford upon Avon*, in *Warwickſhire*, on the 23d of *April*, 1564. His family, as appears by the regiſter and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family (ten children in all) that, though he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for ſome time at a free-ſchool, where it is probable he acquired what little learning he was maſter of. But the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and prevented his farther proficiency in languages. It has been proved to a demonſtration by the learned Dr. *Farmer*, that, whatever imitations of the ancients we find in our author's works, he was indebted for them to ſuch tranſlations as were then extant, and eaſy of acceſs; and it is more than probable that his want of acquaintance with the ori-

* Extracted chiefly from that of Mr. Rowe.

ginals

ginals might rather be of ſervice to him than the contrary: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctneſs, might have reſtrained ſome of that fire, impetuoſity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in *Shakſpeare*; and I believe we are better pleaſed with thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination ſupplied him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the *Engliſh* language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propoſed to him; and, in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one *Hathaway*, ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of ſettlement he continued for ſome time; till an extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up: and though it ſeemed at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt geniuſes that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and, amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of deer-ſtealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir *Thomas Lucy*, of *Charlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and, in order to revenge that ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him. This, probably the firſt eſſay of his poetry, if it be the ſame preſerved by Mr. *Steevens* in the laſt edition of this author, viz. that of 1778, is truly contemptible:

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it however redoubled the proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his buſineſs and family in *Warwickſhire*, for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in *London*.

Tradition has informed us that it was upon this accident he made his firſt acquaintance in the playhouſe; and Mr. *Malone*, with great probability, conjectures that his introduction there aroſe from his relationſhip to *Greene*, a celebrated performer at that period. In what capacity he was originally received, I have no poſitive information; and I pay no attention to the idle ſtory of his being employed as the holder of horſes. The writer laſt mentioned ſuppoſes he began to write about the year 1591; and the arrangement of his plays by that gentleman remaining undiſputed, the preſumption of its accuracy is ſufficiently eſtabliſhed. The rank which he held in the theatre, as a performer, appears not to have been elevated; and from the beſt accounts we learn, that, as an actor, he never ſoared above, if he even reached, mediocrity. The Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, Old Knowel in *Every Man in his Humour*, and Adam in *As you like It*, are the parts which, with the greateſt appearance of certainty, may be aſcribed to him; and, in general, the characters of old men ſeem to have been his caſt. To this choice a natural infirmity may have contributed; as we find, in his Sonnets, ſome hints that he was lame, and conſequently not properly qualified for the repreſentative of youth and agility. But, though his ſucceſs as a player was but inconſiderable, it was ſufficiently made up to him as an author. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate Earl of *Eſſex*. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this patron of *Shakſpeare*, that if

I had

I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted it; that my Lord *Southampton* at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to: a bounty very great and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to *French* dancers and *Italian* singers.

What particular habitudes or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn; more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with *Ben Jonson* began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr. *Jonson*, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him, with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when *Shakspeare* luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Jonson* and his writings to the public. *Jonson* was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had some advantage over *Shakspeare*; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what Nature gave the latter was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion, was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William*

liam D'Avenant, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eton*, and *Ben Jonſon*; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profeſſed admirer of *Shakſpeare*, had undertaken his defence againſt *Ben Jonſon*, with ſome warmth. Mr. *Hales*, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told them, "that if Mr. *Shakſpeare* had not read the ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from them; and that, if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject at leaſt as well written by *Shakſpeare*."

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſions; and in that to his wiſh: and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native *Stratford*. His pleaſurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

He died on his birth-day, the 23d of *April*, 1616, in the 53d year of his age; and was buried on the north ſide of the chancel in the great church at *Stratford*, where a monument is placed in the wall, repreſenting him under an arch in a ſitting poſture, a cuſhion ſpread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left reſted on a ſcroll of paper. Beneath is the following inſcription:

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mœraet, Olympus habet.

'Stay, paſſenger, why doſt thou go ſo faſt?
'Read, if thou canſt, whom envious Death hath plac'd
'Within this monument; *Shakſpeare*, with whom
'Quick Nature died, whoſe name doth deck the tomb
'Far more than coſt; ſince all that he hath writ
'Leaves living Art but page to ſerve his wit.'

On his grave-ſtone underneath is—

'Good friends, for *Jeſus'* ſake forbear
'To dig the duſt incloſed here.

'Bleſt

'Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
'And curs'd be he that moves my bones.'

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married, *Judith*, the elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom ſhe had three ſons, who all died without children; and *Suſannah*, who was his favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a phyſician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married firſt to *Thomas Naſh*, Eſq. and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard*, of *Abingdon*; but died likewiſe without iſſue.

The character of *Shakſpeare*, as a man, is beſt ſeen in his writings: but ſince *Ben Jonſon* has made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words.

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakſpeare*, that in writing, whatſoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My anſwer had been, *Would he had blotted a thouſand!* which they thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had not told poſterity this, but for their ignorance, who choſe that circumſtance to commend their friend by, wherein he moſt faulted; and to juſtify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this ſide idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honeſt, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expreſſions, wherein he flowed with that facility that ſometimes it was neceſſary he ſhould be ſtopped: *ſufflaminandus erat*, as *Auguſtus* ſaid of *Haterius*. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been ſo too! Many times he fell into thoſe things which could not eſcape laughter; as when he ſaid in the perſon of *Cæſar*, one ſpeaking to him,

'*Cæſar*, thou doſt me wrong;'

he replied,

'*Cæſar* did never wrong but with juſt cauſe:'

and ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praiſed than to be pardoned."

THE

THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

ADMIRATION.

ALL tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your prattling nurſe
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges hors'd,
With variable complexions—all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld ſhown flamens
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damaſk in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus'* burning kiſſes: ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever God who leads him
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture. *Coriolanus*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.
As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 1.

ADVICE.

Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1. Sc. 1.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

———Beware of them, *Diana!* their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terribly ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them.

Ibid. A. 3. Sc. 1.

AFFECTION.

———Poor Lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war! and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim! move the ſtill piercing air,
That ſings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it:
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere
That all the miſeries which Nature owes
Were mine at once. *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 1.

———'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit, and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!—

But

But now he's gone; and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics. *Ibid.* A. 1. Sc. 1.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap;
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
Henry VI. Part II. A. 4. Sc. 9.

AFFLICTION.

——No, no, no, no! come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing like birds i' th' cage.
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs. So we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court-news: and we'll tall with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon 's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon. *King Lear*, A. 5 Sc. 5.

ALLEGIANCE.

——Though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours. *Henry VIII.* A. 3. Sc. 3.

AMBITION.

——Nay then, farewell!
I've touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs!
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haſte now to my ſetting. I ſhall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man ſee me more. *Ibid*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

——'Tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young Ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

Why, then I do but dream on ſov'reignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,
And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way.
Henry VI. Part III. A. 3. Sc. 3.

——Oh, *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's away.
Ant. and Cleop. A. 3. Sc. 1.

AMBITIOUS LOVE.

——It were all one
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. *All's Well that Ends Well*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

ANARCHY.

——My ſoul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupreme, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other. *Coriolanus*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

ANGER.

——Stay, my Lord!
And let your reaſon with your choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about. To climb ſteep hills
Requires ſlow pace. Anger is like

A full

A full hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.———————
———————Be to yourſelf
As you would to your friend——
Henry VIII. A. 1. Sc. 1.

Anger's my meat; I ſup upon myſelf;
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding.
Coriolanus, A. 4. Sc. 2.

O *Caſſius*, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, ſhows a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

What ſudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntſman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. *Henry VIII.* A. 3. Sc. 4.

ANTONY.

(*Cleopatra's Character of him.*)

His face was as the heavens; and therein ſtuck
A ſun and moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
His legs beſtrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends;
But, when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't,—an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping His delights
Were dolphin-like; they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in. In his living
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and iſlands
Were as plates dropt from his pocket.
—If there be, or ever were, one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming. Nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's piece 'gainſt fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5. Sc. laſt.

APOTHECARY.

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples: meagre were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid,
And if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1. Sc. 1.

APPARITION.

I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits o' th' dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd, and ſo becoming. In pure white robes,
Like very Sanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts. The fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her:—"Good *Antigonus*,
"Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
"Hath made thy perſon for the thrower out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted loſt for ever and for ever, *Perdita*,
"I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs,

"Put

" Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
" Thy wife *Paulina* more."—And ſo with ſhrieks
She melted into air. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

APPEARANCES.

Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And, as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
The Taming of the Shrew, A. 4. Sc. 3.

Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or ſeem they grave and learn'd?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of noble family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted, didſt thou ſeem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt endu'd,
With ſome ſuſpicion. *Henry V.* A. 2. Sc. 3.

APPLAUSE.

———Such a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and, had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living

Could ſay, this is my wife, there all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece. *Henry VIII.* A. 4. Sc. 1.

APPREHENSION.

Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind:
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

ARMY ROUTED.

——No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought. The king himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britons* ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtrait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Merely through fear, that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame. *Cymbeline*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

ART AND NATURE

————Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: ſo over that Art
Which, you ſay, adds to Nature, is an Art
That Nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By buds of nobler race. This is an Art
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but
The Art itſelf is Nature. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

ASTROLOGY RIDICULED.

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are ſick in fortune (often the ſurfeits of our behaviour), we make guilty of our diſaſters the ſun, the moon, and the ſtars;

as

as if we were villains on neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an inforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting-on. An admirable evaſion of whoremaſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a ſtar! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Urſa major*; ſo that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing. *King Lear*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

AUTHORITY.

——————Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would uſe his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp, ſulphureous bolt
Splitt'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle. O, but man! proud man!
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.
Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 2. Sc. 4.

Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature run from the cur; there,
There, thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority—
A dog's obey'd in office——————
Thou raſcal beadle! hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore?—Strip thy own back:
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whip'ſt her.—The uſurer hangs the coz'ner.
—Through tatter'd clothes ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks;
Arm it in rags—a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
King Lear, A. 4. Sc. 6.

BANISHMENT.

All places that the eye of heaven viſits
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not the king did baniſh thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not the king exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence floor;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance:
For gnarled ſorrow hath leſs pow'r to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

King Richard II. A. 1. Sc. 3.

BASTARDY.

Thou, Nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound: wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom, and permit
The courteſy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moonſhines
Lag of a brother? Why *baſtard?* wherefore *baſe?*
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? Why brand they us
With baſe, with baſeneſs, baſtardy, baſe, baſe,
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition, and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a-ſleep and wake? *King Lear*, A. 1. Sc. 6.

BATCHELOR'S RESOLUTION.

I do much wonder that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviour to love, will,

after

after he hath laugh'd at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: and ſuch a man is *Claudio*. I have known when there was no muſic with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten miles afoot to ſee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier; and now he is turned orthographer; his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not; I will not be ſworn, but Love may transform me to an oyſter, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wiſe; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſes God.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 2. Sc. 3.

BATCHELOR'S RECANTATION.

I did never think to marry:—I muſt not ſeem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous;—'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have railed ſo long againſt marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age:—ſhall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live till I were married.

Ibid.

BAWD.

The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches,
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life?
So ſtinkingly depending!—Go, mend! mend!

Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 3. Sc. 2.

BEAUTIFUL BOY.

——————Dear lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years;
That ſay thou art a man; *Diana*'s lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is, as the maiden's organ, ſhrill and ſound;
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.

Twelfth Night, A. 2. Sc. 4.

BEAUTY.

There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair a houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

Tempeſt, A. 1. Sc. 2.

Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

As You Like It, A. 1. Sc. 3.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruelleſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Twelfth Night, A. 1. Sc. 5.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues.

Love's Labour Loſt, A. 2. Sc. 1.

O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like

Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear;
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 1. Sc. 4.

BEDLAM BEGGAR.

——Whiles I may 'ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt ſhape,
That ever Penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beaſt. My face I'll grime with filth:
Blanket my loins: elſe all my hair in knots;
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike, in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, ſheep cots, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, ſometimes with prayers,
Inforce their charity. *King Lear*, A. 2. Sc. 8.

BENEVOLENCE.

Oh, you Gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? They would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have oft wiſh'd myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many, like brothers commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water. I drink to you.
Timon of Athens, A. 1. Sc. 5.

BLESSING.

——May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old Time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!
King Henry VIII. A. 2. Sc. 2.

BLUNTNESS.

BLUNTNESS.

———This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth;
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twnty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely. *King Lear*, A. 2. Sc. 6.

BRAGGARTS.

————I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
And this is all. *Much Ado about Nothing*, A. 5. Sc. 4.

———What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. *Cymbeline*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

BRUTUS.

This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all;
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæſar*;
He only, in a generous, honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, *This was a man!*
Julius Cæſar, A. 5. Sc. laſt.

CALUMNY.

No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape: back-wounding Calumny

The

The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 3. Sc. 2.

Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow,
Thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. *Hamlet*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

CAPRICE.

———Men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives: I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are diſpoſed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyena, and that when you are inclined to ſleep.
As you Like It, A. 4. Sc. 1.

CAUTION.

———Hear yon me, *Jeſſica*.
Lock up my doors; and, when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the public ſtreet,
To gaze on *Chriſtian* fools with varniſh'd faces;
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean my caſements:
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 2. Sc. 5.

Oh, *Buckingham!* beware of yonder dog,
Look, when he fawns he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him; beware of him.
Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their marks upon him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 3.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking.
Julius Cæſar, A. 2. Sc. 1.

———Think him as a ſerpent's egg,

Which

Which hatch'd would in his kind grow miſchievous,
And kill him in the ſhell. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

CEREMONY.

———Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but deviſ'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Timon of Athens, A. 1. Sc. 2.

CHALLENGE.

———Tell your nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praiſe of *Harry Percy:* By my hopes
(This preſent enterpriſe ſet off his head),
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to chivalry:
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's majeſty:—
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.
Henry IV. Part I. A. 5. Sc. 1.

CHANCE.

In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch
To find the other forth; by vent'ring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſame way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,

As

As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 1.

CHARM DISSOLVED.

———The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe th' ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reaſon. *The Tempeſt*, A. 5. Sc. 1.

CHASTITY.

———Were I under the terms of death,
Th' impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame. *Meaſure for Meaſure*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe. *All's Well that Ends Well*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

The noble ſiſter of *Publicola*,
The moon of *Rome*, chaſte as the icicle
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s temple. *Coriolanus*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

CHEERFULNESS.

————————Let me play the fool.—
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

CLEOPATRA.

(*Her Character.*)

Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy

The

The appetites they feed, but ſhe makes hungry
When moſt ſhe ſatisfies. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

Cleopatra's *ſailing down the River* Cydnus.

The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed that
The winds were love-ſick with them; th'oars were ſilver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The waters which they beat to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tiſſue)
O'erpicturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The fancy outwork Nature; on each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With diverſe-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid,—did.
Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature. *Ibid.*

Cleopatra's *ſuppoſed Death.*

Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharged. What thou wouldſt do,
Is done unto thy hand. The laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided

Between

Between her heart and lips: ſhe rendered life,
Thy name ſo buried in her. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 4. Sc. 11.

COMMONWEALTH OF BEES.

———So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of ſort;
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor,
Who, buſy'd in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The ſad-ey'd juſtice, with his ſurly hum,
Deliv'ring o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. *King Henry V.* A. 1. Sc. 2.

COMPASSION.

———O! I have ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer; a brave veſſel
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd!
Had I been any god of pow'r, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or ere
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her. *The Tempeſt*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

O, my dear father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms that my two ſiſters
Have in thy rev'rence made!
Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face

To

To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick, croſs lightning? To watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire. And waſt thou fain, poor father!
To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack! alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all. *King Lear*, A. 4. Sc. 7.

COMPLAINT.

For whilſt I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land;
Methinks I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I ſtart, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Ah! *Humphry*, can I bear this ſhameful yoke?
Trow'ſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the ſun?
No, dark ſhall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay I am Duke *Humphry*'s wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a prince he was,
That he ſtood by whilſt I, his forlorn ducheſs,
Was made a wonder and a pointing ſtock,
To every idle, raſcal follower.
Henry VI. Part II. A. 2. Sc. 7.

Accurſed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My huſband loſt his life to get the crown:
And often up and down my ſons were toſt,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loſs;

And

And being ſeated, and domeſtic broils
Clean over-blown, themſelves the conquerors
Make war upon themſelves, blood againſt blood,
Self againſt ſelf. O moſt prepoſterous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned ſpleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

King Richard III. A. 2. Sc. 5.

CONCEALED LOVE.

——She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

CONCEITED MAN.

——Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain;
One, whom the muſic of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony;
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.

Love's Labour Loſt, A. 1. Sc. 1.

CONFIDENCE.

A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom.
Advance our ſtandards; ſet upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. *George*,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory ſits on our helm.

King Richard III. A. 5. Sc. 7.

CONFUSION OF MIND.

——You have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins;

And

And there is ſuch confuſion in my pow'rs,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt and not expreſt.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3. Sc. 2.

CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

——————Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſs
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your diſlike;
Yea, ſubject to your countenance, glad or ſorry
As I ſaw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your deſire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience
Upwards of twenty years; and have been bleſt
With many children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſs of this time you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Againſt your ſacred perſon, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'ſt contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To th' ſharpeſt kind of juſtice. *Henry VIII.* A. 2. Sc. 6.

CONJURER.

They brought one *Pinch*. A hungry lean-fac'd villain,

A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, ſharp-looking wretch;
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjuror;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out I was poſſeſt. *The Comedy of Errors*, A. 5.

CONSCIENCE.

——— O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it:
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my treſpaſs,
Therefore my ſon i' th' ooze is bedded.
The Tempeſt, A. 3. Sc. 3.

What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in ſteel,
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.
Henry VI. Part II. A. 3. Sc. 3.

Give me another horſe! bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, *Jeſu!* Soft; I did but dream.
O *coward Conſcience!* how doſt thou afflict me!
The light burns blue—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold, fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What do I fear? myſelf—there's none elſe by:
Richard loves *Richard*; that is I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No.—Yes I am;
Then fly—what! from myſelf?—Great reaſon—Why?
Leſt I revenge—What Myſelf on myſelf?
I love myſelf——Wherefore? For any good
That I myſelf have done unto myſelf?
O! no.—Alas! I rather hate myſelf
For hateful deeds committed by myſelf.
I am a villain.—Yet I lie; I am not:
Fool, of thyſelf ſpeak well.—Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral tongues,

And

And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale;
And every tale condemns me for a villain!
Perjury—perjury, in the higheſt degree—
Murder—ſtern murder, in the direſt degree—
All ſeveral ſins—all uſed in each degree—
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I ſhall deſpair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me.—
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I myſelf
Find in myſelf no pity to myſelf.

King Richard III. A. 5. Sc. 3.

Conſcience is but a word that cowards uſe,
Devis'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe. *Ibid*, A. 5. Sc. 7.

CONSCIENCE STRUGGLING.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſent:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

King John, A. 4. Sc. 2.

CONSENT OF A FATHER.

———Methinks a father
Is at the nuptual of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? Is he not ſtupid
With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh.

The Winter's Tale, A. 2. Sc. 4.

CONSIDERATION.

Conſideration, like an angel, came
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
T' invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.

King Henry V. A. 1. Sc. 1.

CONSTANCY.

I would have thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there.
O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!

Julius Cæſar, A. 2. Sc. 4.

——O, good *Iago!*
What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I loſt him.—Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot ſay—Whore;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Othello, A. 4. Sc. 2.

CONTEMPLATION.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.

King Richard III. A. 3. Sc. 7.

CONTENT.

——Verily,
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſtening grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow. *King Henry VIII.* A. 2. Sc. 3.

CONTENTION.

——Contention, like a horſe

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 1. Sc. 1.

COUNSEL.

——————————Men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs with a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5. Sc. 1.

COUNTRY LASS.

This is the prettieſt low-born laſs that ever
Ran on the green-ſward; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
Too noble for this place. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

COURAGE.

By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion.

King John, A. 2. Sc. 2.

COURTIER.

——————————In his youth
He had the wit which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, nor contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs if there were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when

Exceptions

Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1. Sc. 1.

COURTSHIP.

——Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus'* lyre was ſtrung with poets' ſinews,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert; to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3. Sc. 2.

COWARD.

——I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward:
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind. Full oft we ſee
Cold Wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous Folly.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1. Sc. 1.

COWARDICE.

That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breaſts.

King Richard II. A. 1. Sc. 2.

COXCOMB.

He did compliment with his dug before he ſuck'd it. Thus he (and many more of the ſame breed that I know the droſſy age doats on) only get the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. *Hamlet*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

CROSSES IN LOVE.

The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs, did lay ſiege to it,
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath pow'r to ſay, Behold,
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 1. Sc. 1.

CRUELTY.

——And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

DANGER.

——Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he:
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible. *Ibid.* A. 2. Sc. 4.

Send danger from the Eaſt unto the Weſt,
So honour croſs it from the North to South;
And let them grapple.—O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouſe a lion than to ſtart a hare.
Henry IV. Part I. A. 1. Sc. 3.

A ſceptre

A ſceptre, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that ſtands upon a ſlippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
King John, A. 3. Sc. 4.

DAY-BREAK.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey.
Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5.

———The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
Richard III. A. 5. Sc. 4.

DEATH.

———It were for me
To throw my ſceptre at th' injurious Gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what? Good cheer! Why, how now, *Charmian*?
My noble girls?—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out—Good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away;
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4. Sc. 13.

My deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar*:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung;
The beggar's nurſe, and *Cæſar's*. *Ibid.* A. 5. Sc. 2.

——I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtruck. Being an ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we,
That draw his knives i' th' war. *Cymbeline*, A. 5. Sc. 2

Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his fangs:
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men,
In undetermin'd diff'rences of kings.
King John, A. 2. Sc. 1.

Death! death! oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs;
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſehold worms,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter like thyſelf;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife! Miſery's love,
O come to me! *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 3.

——Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd
As 'twere a careleſs trifle. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 4.

Oh, vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them: inviſible his ſiege is now
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies,
Which, in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. *King John*, A. 5. Sc. 7.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once.

Of

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come when it will come. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death. *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 1.

DECEIT.

Ah! that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
King Richard III. A. 2. Sc. 2.

DECEPTION.

The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhew of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk!
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull that bred them in the ſepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dang'rous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty: in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

——————There's no art
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 4.

DEER WOUNDED.

To-day my *Lord* of *Amiens*, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chace; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears. *As you Like It*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

DEFORMITY.

Why, Love forſwore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with ſome bribe
To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where ſits deformity to mock my body;
To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize;
To diſproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impreſſion like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Henry VI. Part III. A. 3. Sc. 2.

But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glaſs—
I, that am rudely ſtampt, and want love's majeſty
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

Cheated

Cheated of feature by diſſembling Nature;
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up;
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to paſs away the time,
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe days.

King Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 1.

DELAY.

Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.

All's Well that Ends Well. A. 5. Sc. 2.

Come—I have learn'd that fearful Commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull Delay;
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd Beggary.

Richard III. A. 4. Sc. 5.

DEPARTING DISEASES.

Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
E'en in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
In their departure moſt of all ſhew evil.

King John, A. 3. Sc. 3.

DESPAIR.

Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter,
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

The Winter's Tale, A. 3. Sc. 2.

——If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair;
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, wouldſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.

King John, A. 4. Sc. 3.

——Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the die.
——I think there be ſix *Richmonds* in the field;
Five have I ſlain to-day inſtead of him.
——A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!

King Richard III. A. 5. Sc. 8.

DESPERATION.

——I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) unto the weird Siſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt: for mine own good
All cauſes ſhall give way. I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted ere they may be ſcann'd.

Macbeth, A. 3. Sc. 4.

What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord;
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Hamlet, A. 1. Sc. 7.

DESPOND-

DESPONDENCE.

My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:
My father's loſs, the weakneſs that I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdued, are but light to me;
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon. *The Tempeſt*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man.
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.
King John, A. 3. Sc. 3.

I have liv'd long enough; my *May* of life
Is fallen into the ſere, the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old-age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Macbeth, A. 5. Sc.

Oh, Sun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here; even here
Do we ſhake hands—all come to this!—The hearts
That ſpaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4. Sc. 10.

DETESTATION OF THE VULGAR.

You common cry of curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek'd o' th' rotten fens; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air; I baniſh you.
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into deſpair. Have the pow'r ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making but reſervation of yourſelves,
Still your own enemies, deliver you,
As moſt abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows! *Coriolanus*, A. 3. Sc. 6.

DIGNITY.

Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood;
But, being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
That men would tell their children, "This is he!"
Others would ſay, "Where? which is *Bolingbroke?*"
And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,
And dreſs'd myſelf in much humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my perſon freſh and new;
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen but wonder'd at: and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhowed like a feaſt,
And won by rareneſs ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soon kindled and ſoon burnt; ſcarded his ſtate;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh with gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets;
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity;
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,

They

They ſurfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taſte of ſweetneſs; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but, as the cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd ſuch aſpect,
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
Henry IV. Part I. A. 3. Sc. 4.

DISCONTENT.

I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
Richard III. A. 4. Sc. 2.

DISEASES OF THE MIND.

Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the foul boſom of that perilous ſtuff
Which weighs upon the heart? *Macbeth*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

DISGUISE.

Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
Twelfth Night, A. 2. Sc. 1.

DISLIKE.

——————At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,

Which

Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 5. Sc. 2.

DISSIMULATION.

She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here:
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood as modeſt evidence
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4. Sc. 1.

Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occaſions:
I'll drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall;
I'll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk;
I'll play the orator as well as *Neſtor*;
Deceive more ſlily than *Ulyſſes* could,
And like a *Sinon* take another *Troy*:
I can add colours even to the camelion;
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for advantages;
And ſet the aſpiring *Catiline* to ſchool.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

King Henry VI. Part III. A. 3. Sc. 2.

DISTRACTION.

As the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; e'en ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,

Are

Are thrice themſelves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flush'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpite dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland!*
Let heav'n kiſs earth! Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die:
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a lingering act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
Reign in all boſoms; that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 1. Sc. 3.

DOOM'S-DAY.

Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind! We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep. *The Tempeſt*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

DOUBT.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no:
So (thrice fair lady!) ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3. Sc. 2.

——The

——The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure: but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 3. Sc. 3.

DOVER CLIFF.

How fearful——
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the mid-way air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head:
The fiſhermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice: and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight: the murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd pebbles idly chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong!

King Lear, A. 4. Sc. 6.

DREAMS.

O then I ſee Queen *Mab* has been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and ſhe comes,
In ſhape no bigger than an agate ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſshoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film;
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night

Through

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curt'ſies ſtraight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parſon's noſe as a' lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck;
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the elf-lock in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage;
This is ſhe.

———Thus I talk of dreams
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air;
And more inconſtant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſom of the North,
And being anger'd puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1. Sc. 4.

DRUNKARDS.

———They were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,

At

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſic. *The Tempeſt*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

DRUNKENNESS.

———Drunk! and ſpeak, parrot? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? O, thou inviſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil!

———O that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! That we ſhould with joy, revel, pleaſure, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts! *Othello*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

DUELLING.

Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were but newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outſides; to wear them like his raiment carelesly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
Timon of Athens, A. 3. Sc. 5.

DUTY.

Pray now, no more. My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me.
I've done as you have done; that's what I can:
Induc'd as you have been; that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good-will
Hath overta'en mine act. *Coriolanus*, A. 1. Sc. 11.

DYING.

He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſays, "Dear, my Lord,
"Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign."

So

So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſs'd his lips;
And, ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtopp'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears. *King Henry V.* A. 4. Sc. 22.

DYING INJUNCTIONS.

———They ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting ſun—and muſic in the cloſe.
As the laſt taſte of ſweets is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance more than things long paſt.
King Richard II. A. 2. Sc. 1.

EARLY RISING.

This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins by times.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4. Sc. 3.

EMBARRASSMENT.

Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.

Love,

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeaks moſt to my capacity.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 5. Sc. 1.

ENGLAND.

———That pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
E'en till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes—
E'en till that utmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her king. *King John*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

This *England* never did, nor never ſhall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them!—Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to itſelf do reſt but true,
King John, A. 5. Sc. 7.

This royal throne of kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of majeſty, this ſeat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demi-Paradiſe,
This fortreſs built by Nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry,
As is the ſepulchre in ſtubborn *Jewry*
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed *Mary*'s ſon;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,

Whoſe

Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of wat'ry *Neptune*, is bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.

Richard II. A. 2. Sc. 1.

Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So, weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſov'reign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſov'reign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjurations, Lords:
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms. *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 2.

O *England!* model to thine inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart—
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Where all thy children kind and natural!

Henry V. A. 2. Chorus.

ENGLISH ARMY.

——All th' unſettled humours of the land;
Raſh, inconſid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In

In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the *Engliſh* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence, and ſcathe in *Chriſtendom*.

King John, A. 2. Sc. 1.

Yon iſland carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big *Mars* ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty beaver peeps.
The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs:
And their executors, the knaviſh crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

King Henry V. A. 4. Sc. 7.

ENVY.

My heart laments that Virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 2. S. 1.

EQUALITY.

(The natural rights of it.)

Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome time are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar*—what ſhould be in that *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, 'tis as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
Now, in the name of all the Gods at once,

Upon

Upon what meat doth this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art aſham'd!
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls encompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his ſtate in *Rome*
As eaſily as a king. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

ERROR.

Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Julius Cæſar, A. 5. Sc. 3.

EULOGIUM ON HOTSPUR.

——Brave *Percy*—Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound;
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, e'en in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair rights of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heaven,
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.
Henry IV. Part I. A. 5. Sc. 3.

EVENING.

The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives ſignal of a goodly day to-morrow.

King Richard III. A. 5. Sc. 3.

EXECRATION.

The worm of conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy ſoul!
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends!
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elviſh-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity
The ſlave of nature, and the ſon of hell!
Thou ſlander of thy mother's womb!
Thou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted———

King Richard III. A. 1, Sc. 3.

Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddeſs, hear!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her:
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child. *King Lear*, A. 1. Sc. 5.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not *Athens!* Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools,
Pluck thegrave wrinkled ſenate from thebench,
And miniſter in their ſteads; to general filth

Convert

Convert o' th' inſtant green Virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters' throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal:
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is i' th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire;
With it beat out his brains. Fear and piety,
Religion to the Gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtic awe, night reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervancies, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet confuſion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On *Athens*, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* boſoms, and their crop
Be general leproſy. Breathe infect breath,
That their ſociety, as their friendſhip, may
Be merely poiſon. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou deteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns.
Timon will to the woods, where he ſhall find
Th' unkindeſt beaſt much kinder than mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all!)
Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!

Timon of Athens, A. 4. Sc. 1.

——Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins
And mar men's ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,

And not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee
Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald,
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you. *Ibid.* A. 4. Sc. 4.

EXPOSTULATION.

Signior *Anthanio*, many a time and oft
In the *Rialto* you have rated me
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* gaberdine;
And all for uſe of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help;
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies: you ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur,
Over your threſhold: money is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? ſhould I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this—Fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt Wedneſday;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe curteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies?
The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 3.

EXULTATION.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait:
He riſes on his toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Troilus and Creſſida, A. 4. Sc. 8.

FAIRIES.
(Addreſs to.)

Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves,
And

And ye that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moonſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and riſted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt; the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd and let them forth
By my ſo potent art. *The Tempeſt*, A. 5. Sc. 1.

FARIES' EMPLOYMENT.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dew-berries:
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries:
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to ariſe:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 3. Sc. 1.

FAIRIES' JEALOUSY.

Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy;
And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,

Have every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-men's-morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound,
And thorough this diſtemperature we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyems'* chin and icy crown
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſenſion;
We are their parents and original.

A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 2. Sc. 1.

FALSEHOOD.

——Two beggars told me
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folk lye,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fulneſs
Is ſorer than to lye for need; and falſehood
Is worſe in kings than beggars. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, Sc. 5.

FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

——Doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny

The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live *Hero*; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou would'ſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhame,
Myſelf would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, No part of it is mine;
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins.
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why ſhe—oh, ſhe is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again,
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4. Sc. 1.

FAULTS.

——I muſt not think theſe are
Evils enough to darken all his goodneſs:
His faults in him ſeem, as the ſpots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary
Rather than purchaſed; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

FAVOURITES.

——Bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honeyſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 3. Sc. 1.

FEAR.

Would he were fatter: but I fear him not;

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no muſic:
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe
While they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar*.

Julius Cæſar, A. 1. Sc. 2.

FEASTING.

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold; and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give, or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts;—therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt. *Coriolanus*, A. 5. Sc. 1.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us—oh! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries, moulded on one ſtem;
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart:

Two

Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 3. Sc. 1.

I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I: we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s ſwans,
Still we went coupled and inſeparable.

As You Like It, A. 1. Sc. 3.

FEMALE PERFECTION.

If luſty Love ſhould go in queſt of Beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
If zealous Love ſhould go in ſearch of Virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If Love ambitious ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than Lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin, every way complete.

King John, A. 2. Sc. 1.

FICKLENESS OF THE VULGAR.

An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was what thou wouldſt have him be!
And now, being trimm'd up in thy own deſires,
Thou beaſtly feeder art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 2. Sc. 6.

FICTION.

Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage wann'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion
That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of ears and eyes.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing. No, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate acroſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i' th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it—for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall,
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I! This is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-curſing, like a very drab,
A ſcullion. Fy upon't! foh,
About, my brain! I've heard,
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the ſcene,
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently

They

They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my courſe. This ſpirit that I have ſeen,
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king.
Hamlet, A. 2. Sc.

FIDELITY.

If you ſuſpect my huſbandry, or falſehood,
Call me before the exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the Gods bleſs me,
When all our offices have been oppreſt
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock,
And ſet mine eyes at flow. *Timon of Athens*, A. 2. Sc. 4.

FLATTERY.

Theſe crouchings, and theſe lowly courteſies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond
To think that *Cæſar* bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curt'lies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother, by decree, is baniſhed:
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

——Such ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too intrinſicate t' unlooſe; ſoothe every paſſion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters;
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

King Lear, A. 2. Sc. 2.

Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears,
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops;
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear,
Not when my father *York* and *Edward* wept,
To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made,
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his ſword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death,
And twenty times made pauſe to ſob and weep.
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedaſh'd with rain; in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear;
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeak.

King Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 2.

Ha! *Goneril!*—With a white beard?—They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay Ay, and No, to every thing that I ſaid—Ay and No too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lye, I am not ague-proof.

King Lear, A. 4. Sc. 7.

FLEET SETTING SAIL.

Suppoſe that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at *Hampton* pier

Embark

Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers, the young *Phœbus* fanning,
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. *King Henry V.* A. 3. Sc. 1.

FLOWERY BANK.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopied with luſcious wood-bine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 2. Sc. 2.

FONDNESS OF A MOTHER.

If thou, that bid'ſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. *King John*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

FOOL-HARDINESS.

——Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear. *Cymbeline*, A. 4. Sc. 4.

A FOOL'S

A FOOL'S LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

——————I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain as way to pariſh-church:
He whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd,
Even by the ſquandering glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 5.

FOP DESCRIBED.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble land at harveſt-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon
He gave his noſe (and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff). And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And, as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me; amongſt the reſt, demanded
My priſoners in your Majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds, being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,

Anſwer'd

Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not: for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God ſave the mark!),
And telling me the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacety, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſaltpetre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 1. Sc. 4.

FORTITUDE.

——————You were uſed
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances, common men could bear;
That when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle-wounded, crave
A noble cunning. (*Coriolanus*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

——————In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak, untimber'd ſides, but even now,
Co-rivall'd greatneſs? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth, divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger; but when the ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

And

And flies flee under ſhade, why then the king of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathiſe,
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 1. Sc. 3.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 7.

FORTUNE.

Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein Fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 4. Sc. 1.

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach and no food;
Such are the poor in health: or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; ſuch the rich
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 4. Sc. 9.

FRIENDSHIP.

(Hamlet's *profeſſion of it to* Horatio.)

Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.
——Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf; for thou haſt been,
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffer'd nothing,
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards

Hath

Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: Give me that man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. *Hamlet*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

FRIENDSHIP IN LOVE.

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negociate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
Much Ado about Nothing, A. 2. Sc. 1.

FRUITION.

——Who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!
The Merchant of Venice, A. 2. Sc. 6.

FUNERAL.

——Lay her i' th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſt'ring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling. *Hamlet*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' ſun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou

Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſceptre, learning, phyſic, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flaſh,
Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ſtone.
Guid. Fear not ſlander, cenſure raſh.
Arv. Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.
Both. All lovers young, all lovers muſt
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.

Guid. No exorciſer harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Guid. Ghoſt, unlaid, forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet conſummation have,
And renowned be thy grave.

Cymbeline, A. 4. Sc. 4.

FURY.

Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and, I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart. When valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3. Sc. 10.

GARLANDS FOR OLD MEN.

——————Reverend Sirs,
For you there's roſemary and rue: theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing.

The Winter's Tale, A. 2. Sc. 4.

——FOR

——— FOR MIDDLE AGE.

——— Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mint, ſavoury marjoram;
The marygold that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes, weeping: Theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. *Ibid.*

——— FOR YOUTH.

———Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had ſome flowers o' th' ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing; O *Proſerpina*,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'ſt fall
From *Dis*'s waggon! daffodils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength (a malady
Moſt incident to maids); bold ox-lips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, theſe I lack
To make you garlands of, and my ſweet friend
To ſtrew him o'er and o'er. *Ibid.*

GIFTS FROM A LOVER.

———Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedlar's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her. *Ibid.* A. 4. Sc. 3.

GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water;

Till,

Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till, by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought.
Henry VI. Part I. A. 1. Sc. 6.

GOLD.

——'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth; yea, makes
Diana's rangers, falſe themſelves, yield up
Their deer to th' ſtand o' th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes, hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo? *Cymbeline*, A. 2. Sc. 4.

——How quickly Nature
Falls to revolt when gold becomes her object!
For this the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleep with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry; for this engroſſed
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts, and martial exerciſes:
When, like the bee culling of every flower,
Our thighs are pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.
Henry IV. Part II. A. 4. Sc. 2.

GOOD DEEDS.

That light we ſee is burning in my hall;
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 5. Sc. 1.

A GOOD HEART.

A ſpeaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad;—a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow:—but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon, or rather the ſun and not the moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly.
Henry V. A. 5. Sc. 2.

GOOD WIFE.

——Go thy ways, *Kate*;

That

That man i' th' world who ſhall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that. Thou art alone,
If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs ſaint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious elſe, could ſpeak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carried herſelf towards me.

King Henry VIII. A. 2. Sc. 7.

GRATITUDE.

——— I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter-nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant.

As you Like It, A. 2. Sc. 3.

Let never day or night unhallow'd paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

King Henry VI. Part II. A. 2. Sc. 2.

GRAVITY.

There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my *Antonio*, I do know of thoſe
That therefore only are reputed wiſe
For ſaying nothing; who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 1.

GREATNESS.

Great men have reaching hands: oft have I ſtruck
Thoſe that I never ſaw—and ſtruck them dead.
Henry VI. Part II. A. 4. Sc. 7.

'Tis certain Greatneſs once fall'n out with Fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: What the decline is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour, but honour by thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which, when they fall (as being ſlippery ſtanders),
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. *Troilus and Creſſida*, A. 3. Sc. 7.

The ſoul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatneſs going off. *Ant. and Cleop.* A. 4. Sc. 9.

GRECIAN YOUTHS.

The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle quality;
They 're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of Nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe.
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon!
Alas! a kind of godly jealouſy,
Which I beſeech you call a virtuous ſin,
Makes me afraid. *Troilus and Creſſida*, A. 4. Sc. 6.

GRIEF.

——Like the lily
That once was miſtreſs of the field, and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my head and periſh.
King Henry VIII. A. 3. Sc. 1.

——I pray thee ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,

And

And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain,
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow wag; cry hem! when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5. Sc. 1.

I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let kings aſſemble; for my grief 's ſo great
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrow ſit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.
King John, A. 3. Sc. 1.

Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 3.

Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For Sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion; eyed awry,
Diſtinguiſh form. *King Richard II.* A. 2. Sc. 2.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,'
Together with all forms, modes, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly: theſe, indeed, ſeem;
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.
Hamlet, A. 1. Sc. 2.

When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on:
What cannot be preſerv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mocking makes:
The robb'd that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf that ſpends a bootleſs grief.
Othello, A. 1. Sc. 3.

GRIEF.
(Marks of.)

What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
King John, A. 3. Sc. 1.

GUILT.

So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf in fearing to be ſpilt. *Hamlet*, A. 4. Sc. 5.

GUILTY COUNTENANCE.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous Tyranny
Sits in grim majeſty to fright the world.
King Henry VI. Part II. A. 3. Sc. 4.

HATRED.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours treaſon.
Ibid. A. 3. Sc. 1.

——Not ſleep nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick, nor Fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarments all of fury, ſhall lift up

Their

Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Marcius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Againſt the hoſpitable canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in 's heart. *Coriolanus*, A. 1. Sc. 12.

HECTOR FIGHTING.

I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
And ſeen thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduements
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hemm'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 4. Sc. 9.

HENRY V. DESCRIBED BY HIS FATHER.

——He is gracious if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint:
As humorous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 4. Sc. 4.

HENRY V. DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

Heaven forgive them that ſo much have ſway'd
Your majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſon;

When

When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,
Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcour my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-praiſed knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of heaven, I promiſe here:
The which if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a thouſand thouſand deaths,
Ere break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 3. Sc. 4.

HENRY V. CHARACTER.

Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſic.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The *Gordian* knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd ſentences.

King Henry V. A. 1. Sc. 1.

You

You are too much miſtaken in this king.
Queſtion your grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy;
How well ſupplied with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution;
And you ſhall find his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the outſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be more delicate.

Ibid. A. 3. Sc. 3.

HENRY V. SPEECH TO HIS ARMY.

He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouſe him at the name of *Criſpian*:
He that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, To-morrow is St. *Criſpian*;
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars.
Old men forget; yet will not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſehold words,
Harry the king, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Saliſbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.

Ibid. A. 4. Sc. 1.

HIGH BIRTH.

——I was born ſo high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun.

King Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 4.

HONESTY DISPRAISED.

We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doating on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,

For nought but provender; and, when he's old, caſhier'd:
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Well thrive by them: and, when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*.
In following him I follow but myſelf,
Heaven is my judge!—Not I, for love and duty,
But, ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end.
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at. I'm not what I am.

Othello, A. 1. Sc. 1.

HONOUR.

——————Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour! How much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſhed! *Merchant of Venice*, A. 2. Sc. 9

By heav'n, methinks it were an eaſy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
To dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without co-rival, all her dignities.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 1. Sc.

Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, b
ho; if Honour prick me off when I come on? how the
C

Can Honour ſet a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Air: a trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is inſenſible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it:—therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere 'ſcutcheon; and ſo ends my catechiſm. *Ibid.* A. 5. Sc. 1.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of Death. *Coriolanus*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

——————If *Jupiter*
Should from yon cloud ſpeak divine things, and ſay,
'*Tis true*, I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble *Marcius*. *Ibid.* A. 4. Sc. 5.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.
Troilus and Creſſida, A. 5. Sc. 6.

HONOUR AND POLICY.

——I've heard you ſay,
Honour and Policy, like unſever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſes,
That they combine not there? *Coriolanus*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

HOPE.

Hope is a lover's ſtaff: walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3. Sc. 1.

I will deſpair; and be at enmity
With cozening Hope: he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper-back of Death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.
King Richard II. A. 2. Sc. 2.

True Hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
King Richard III. A. 5. Sc. 2.

HORROR.

——Some ſtrange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and ſtarts;
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground;
Then lays his finger on his temple; ſtraight
Springs out into faſt gait, then ſtops again;
Strikes his breaſt hard, and then anon he caſts
His eye againſt the moon: in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We've ſeen him ſet himſelf. *Henry VIII.* A. 3. Sc. 3.

HORRORS OF A PREMEDITATED MURDER.

Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet;—
But thou ſhalt have:—and, creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay; but let it go:
The ſun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound *one* unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard, where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes);
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpite of broad-eyed watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:—
But, ah! I will not. *King John*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

HOUNDS.

My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind;
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dewlapp'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls;
Slow in purſuit; but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each:—a cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 4. Sc. 1.

———————Wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.
The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 2.

HUMAN LIFE.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues. *All's Well that Ends Well*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

HUSBAND.

(*A deſerving one.*)

O happy *Leonatus!* I may ſay;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt; and thy moſt perfect goodneſs,
Her aſſur'd credit! Bleſſed live you long!
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir that ever
Country called his! and you, his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit!—Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt-manner'd; ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his——
He ſits 'mongſt men like a deſcended god;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. *Cymbeline*, A. 1. Sc. 7.

HYPOCRISY.

The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.—

An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſehood hath!
The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 3.

Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without ſuch rheum;
And he long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
King John, A. 4. Sc. 3.

——————To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under it. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 5.

My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i' th' ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. *Meaſure for Meaſure*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

Away my diſpoſition; and poſſeſs me,
Some harlot's ſpirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep! The ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and ſchool-boys' tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! *Coriolanus*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

But then I ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends ſtol'n forth of holy writ,
And ſeem a ſaint when moſt I play the devil.
King Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 4.

——We're oft to blame in this;
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf. *Hamlet*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

The

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaſt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word. *Ibid.*

IDEAL GOVERNMENT.

I' th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known, wealth, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty.——
All things in common Nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but Nature ſhould bring forth
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people. *The Tempeſt*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

JEALOUSY.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'ſt vow,
That never words were muſic to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me;
That undividable, incorporate,
Am better than my dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate!
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin of my harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ſt; and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſdain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 2. Sc. 2.

The deadly clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings.
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred:
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy broils.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull Melancholy,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs Deſpair;
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt,
To be diſturb'd, would mad a man or beaſt:
The conſequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcar'd thy huſband from the uſe of wits,

Ibid. A. 5. Sc. 1.

——Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek—is meeting noſes—
Kiſſing with inſide lip—ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh---(a note infallible

Of

Of breaking honeſty)—horſing foot on foot—
Skulking in corners—wiſhing clocks more ſwift—
Hours, minutes; the noon, midnight; and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs—theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked—is this nothing?
Why then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

———Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs from holy writ. *Othello*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen hours of luſt?
I ſaw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all. *Ibid.*

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And O, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
The immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s occupation's gone. *Ibid.*

——Had it pleaſed heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience: But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of Scorn

To point his ſlow unmoving finger at—
O! O!
Yet I could bear that too; well—very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence,
Or keep it as a ciſtern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubim—
Aye, there, look grim as hell! *Ibid.* A. 4. Sc. 2.

——O thou weed!
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe aches at thee——would thou had'ſt
Never been born! *Ibid.*

Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write Whore upon? What committed
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent ſtrumpet! *Ibid.*

It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!
It is the cauſe—Yet I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of her's than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.——
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me: But once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy light relumine. When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;

It

It needs muſt wither.——I'll ſmell it on the tree.
O balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice herſelf to break her ſword!—Once more!
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—Once more, and this the laſt.
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this ſorrow's heavenly;
It ſtrikes where it doth love. *Ibid.* A. 5. Sc. 2.

Caſſio did tup her, aſk thy huſband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity—Thy huſband knew it all.
———Nay, had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it. *Ibid.*

A JEW'S REVENGE.

———If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reaſon? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3. Sc. 1.

I'll have my bond, ſpeak not againſt my bond:
I've ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou had'ſt a cauſe;
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs. *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 3.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-eyed fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To Chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.

Ibid. A. 3. Sc. 3.

IMAGINATION.

Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
The madman: while the lover, all as frantic,
Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That, if we would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear!

A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 5. Sc. 1.

IMPATIENCE.

——Our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Ibid. A. 1. Sc. 1.

——Let them come.
They come like ſacrifices in their trim;
And to the fire-eyed maid of ſmoaky war,

All

All hot and bleeding, will he offer them:
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* ſhall (not horſe to horſe)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corſe.
O that *Glendower* were come!

King Henry IV. Part I. A. 4. Sc. 2.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford Haven*. Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Piſanio,
Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt——
O let me 'bate——but not like me—yet long'ſt,
But in a fainter kind——oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing
To th' ſmoth'ring of the ſenſe——how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford:* and, by the way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
Till our return, t' excuſe—but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born, or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Cymbeline, A. 3. Sc. 2.

Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow. I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me preſently
A riding-ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A Franklin's houſewife.

Ibid.

Gallop

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* manſion; ſuch a waggoner
As *Phaëton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night,
That run-aways eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of and unſeen.
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night. *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 3. Sc. 4.

IMPLACABILITY.

You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

IMPUDENCE.

——I ne'er heard yet
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did
Than to perform it firſt. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

INCONSTANCY.

E'en as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2. Sc. 4.

——Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More

More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and won,
Than women's are. *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

INCREDULITY.

——If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,
(For certes, theſe are people of the iſland);
Who, though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many; nay, almoſt any. *The Tempeſt*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

INDULGENCE.

As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil, and when we drink, we die.
Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 1. Sc. 2.

INFANT EXPOSED.

——We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy) to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place
Where chance may nurſe or end it.
The Winter's Tale, A. 2. Sc. 3.

——Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,

But

But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel! *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 3.

INFATUATION.

When we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
Oh miſery on't! the wiſe Gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at 's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. Sc. 10.

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.

As you Like It, A. 2. Sc. 5.

——Yet you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
"When you are liberal of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from you, never found again
But where they mean to ſink ye."

King Henry VIII. A. 2. Sc. 1.

Heavens! have I ſaid the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! Who is not *Timon*'s?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is Lord *Timon*'s—
Great *Timon*'s, noble, worthy, royal *Timon*'s?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:

Feaſt

Feaſt won—faſt loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couched. *Timon of Athens*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

——Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy. *Ibid.*

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter! *King Lear*, A. 1. Sc. 4.

Thy ſiſter's naught: oh! *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs like a vulture here.
Ibid. A. 2. Sc. 11.

You ſee me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters' hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall——I will do ſuch things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep. I have full cauſe of weeping.
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws
Or ere I weep. O fool! I ſhall go mad.
Ibid. A. 2. Sc. 13.

INHUMANITY.

——'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man. *King Henry VIII.* A. 5. Sc. 5.

INNOCENCE.

——O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me: Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt:

Under

Under my burthen groan'd); which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue. *The Tempeſt*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

——I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face: a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here,
Under ſome biting error.
Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4. Sc. 1.

Since what I am to ſay muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part no other
But what comes from myſelf: it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but Innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſation bluſh, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience.—You, my Lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take ſpectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would ſpare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,

And

And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd t' appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my neareſt of kin
Cry, Fie! upon my grave. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades when ſpeaking fails. *Ibid.* A. 2. Sc. 2.

We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i' th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill doing: no, nor dream'd
That any did: had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, Not guilty; th' impoſition clear'd
Hereditary ours. *Ibid.* A. 1. Sc. 3.

Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? That's falſe to 's bed! is 't?
Cymbeline, A. 3. Sc. 4.

INTEGRITY.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends

The

The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. *Meaſure for Meaſure*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

INTEMPERANCE.

———Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold; the time you may ſo hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd. *Macbeth*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

INVECTIVE.

I call'd thee then vain flouriſh of my fortune,
I call'd thee then poor ſhadow, painted queen,
The preſentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful page;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous ſhot;
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art:
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus

Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
King Richard III. A. 4. Sc. 4.

INVITATION TO LOVE.

The birds chaunt melody on every buſh;
The ſnake lies rolled in the cheerful ſun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd ſhadow on the ground.
Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron*, let us ſit,
And whilſt the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandering prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.
Titus Andronicus, A. 2. Sc. 4.

INVOCATION.

O for a muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike *Harry*, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of *Mars*; and, at his heels,
Leaſh'd in, like hounds, ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for employment. *King Henry V.* Prol.

———The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top full

Of

Of direſt cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe;
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breaſts
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on Nature's miſchief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes:
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold! Hold!* *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 5.

JUDGMENT.

——I ſee men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
To draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. Sc. 11.

JUSTICE.

Remember *March*—the ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes,
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours,
For ſo much traſh as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

——I not deny
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May, in the ſworn twelve, have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take 't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,

F

For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend.
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come impartial.

Meaſure for Meaſure A. 2. Sc. 1.

The Gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us. *King Lear*, A. 5. Sc. 5.

KING-KILLING.

——If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itſelf forſwear 't.

The Winter's Tale, A. 2. Sc. 2.

KINGS.

——For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic ſits
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp:
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchiſe, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle-walls, and—farewel, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but miſtook all me this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a king?

Richard II. A. 3. Sc. 2.

The ſingle and peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from 'noyance; but much more
That ſpirit upon whoſe weal depend and reſt
The lives of many.—The ceaſe of majeſty

Dies

Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a maſſy wheel
Fix'd on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king ſigh, but with a general groan.
Hamlet, A. 2. Sc. 3.

KINGDOM.

When Lenity and Cruelty play for a kingdom,
The gentleſt gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.
Henry V. A. 3. Sc. 6.

KNOWLEDGE HURTFUL.

——There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd; and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

LABOUR.

——Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Cymbeline*, A. 3. Sc. 7.

THE LAW.

We muſt not make a ſcarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 2. Sc. 1.

——Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
Timon of Athens, A. 3. Sc. 5.

LENITY.

——O my Lord!
Preſs not a falling man too far—'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct them. *Henry VIII.* A. 3. Sc. 2.

I have

I have not ſtopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays:
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
King Henry VI. Part III. A. 4. Sc. 9.

LIFE.

Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a cloud;
And after Summer evermore ſucceeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping cold.
So cares and joys abound, as ſeaſons fleet.
King Henry VI. Part II. A. 2. Sc. 4.

LIFE LOATHED.

Oh ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy!
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4. Sc. 7.

LOQUACITY.

Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice:* his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

LOVE.

Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte.
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 1. Sc. 1.

——It boots thee not
To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, an hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit;
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1. Sc. 1.

——Writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow;
Even of by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud;
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes. *Ibid.* A. 1. Sc. 1.

——That life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning Love;
Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs:
For in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chas'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle *Proteus*, Love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth.
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of Love. *Ibid.* A. 2. Sc. 4.

It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty, and obſervance;
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obſervance.

As You Like It, A. 5. Sc. 3.

Baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them. *Othello*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Anthony and Cleopatra, A. 1. Sc. 1.

—I tell

———I tell thee I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love: thou anſwereſt ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe:—O that her hand!
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'ſt me,
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay, I love her;
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou layeſt, in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it. *Troilus and Creſſida*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

———Expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe. What will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death! I fear me,
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle, potent, tun'd too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 2.

Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus, when ſuch a mutual pair, [*embracing*.
And ſuch a twain can do 't; in which, I bind,
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

Love is a ſmoke rais'd with a fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? A madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 1. Sc. 2.

LOVE DISSEMBLED.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear:
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty:
But sure he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, *Sylvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.

As You Like It, A. 3. Sc. 4.

LOVE INSPIRED BY PEACE.

———O, my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of Love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;
Saying I lik'd her e'er I went to wars.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 1. Sc. 1.

LOVE IN WOMEN.

——There is no woman's sides

Can

Can bear the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention:
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite;
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*. *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

LOVE-MESSENGER.

——There is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value: yet, I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love.
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhew how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 2. Sc. 9.

LOVE UNSOUGHT.

O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon,
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reaſon can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe;
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter:
Love ſought is good; but given unſought, is better.
Twelfth Night, A. 3. Sc. 1.

LOVER.

If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly
That ever love did make thee run into;

Thou haſt not lov'd.———
Or, if thou haſt not ſat, as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd.———
Or, if thou haſt not broke from company
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd.——— *As You Like It*, A. 3. Sc. 4.

———O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint.
A lover may beſtride the goſſamer
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. Sc. 6.

LOVER'S COMMENDATION.

———What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak (ſweet),
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o' th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you 're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens'.
The Winter's Tale, A. 4. Sc. 3.

LOVER'S HERALD.

———Love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over louring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 3. Sc. 5.

LOVER'S VOW.

I ſwear to thee by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus*' doves,

By

By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke;
In number more than ever woman ſpoke;
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 1. Sc. 1.

LOYALTY.

Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare;
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3. Sc. 9.

LUXURY.

You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tippling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay this becomes him;
As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh; yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his ſoils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment. *Ibid.* A. 1. Sc. 5.

MACBETH'S CHARACTER.

——Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way: thou wouldſt be great;
Art not without ambition, but without

The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win: thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, Thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 5.

MADNESS.

——By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.
Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 5. Sc. 1.

Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met e'en now
As mad as the vext ſea; ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow-weeds.
With burdocks, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. *King Lear*, A. 4. Sc. 4.

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword;
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers! Quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſic vows:
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſov'reign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled, out of tune and harſh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtacy. Oh, woe is me!
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee.
Hamlet, A. 3. Sc. 2.

MAGISTRATE.

He who the ſword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.

Shame

Shame on him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame to *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward ſide!
How may that likeneſs made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpider's ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!

Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 3. Sc. 2.

MAID'S HONOUR.

———The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 3. Sc. 5.

MALICE.

———Men that make
Envy and crooked malice, nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. *King Henry VIII.* A. 5. Sc. 5.

MAN.

This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions: he is valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſhed into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it: he is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briæreus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 1. Sc. 2.

——Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſuch like, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man? *Ibid.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again. *Hamlet*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

——Oft it chances, in ſome particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe its origin)
By the o'er-growth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners;—that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar;
Their virtues elſe (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man can undergo)
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal. *Hamlet*, A. 1. Sc. 4.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reaſon! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how expreſs and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehenſion, how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals. *Ibid.* A. 2. Sc. 2.

——What is man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to ſleep and feed? A beaſt; no man.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reaſon,
To fuſt in us unuſed. *Ibid.* A. 4. Sc. 4.

MAN'S PRE-EMINENCE.

There's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bounds in earth, in ſea, and ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubjects, and at their controuls.
Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Indued with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowl,

Are

Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 2. Sc. 1.

MARKS OF A LOVER.

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoes untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation: but you are no ſuch man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

As You Like It, A. 3. Sc. 2.

———First, you have learn'd, like Sir *Proteus*, to wreath your arms, like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a Robin Redbreaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his A B C; to weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions: when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are ſo metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter,

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2. Sc. 1.

MARRIAGE.

The worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep, or horſe:
But marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip.
For what is wedlock forced—but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.

Henry VI. Part I. A. 5. Sc. 6.

———For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſea's worth. *Othello*, A. 1. Sc. 4.

———The hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—*hands*, not *hearts*.
Ibid. A. 3. Sc. 4.

The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed. *Hamlet*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

MARTLET.

———This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd maſonry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze,
Buttreſs, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle!
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 6.

MEDIOCRITY.

———For aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean.——Superfluity comes ſooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 2.

MEEKNESS.

———Love and meekneſs, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again;
Caſt none away. *Henry VIII.* A. 5. Sc. 5.

MEETING OF LOVERS.

It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,

May

May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low,
As Hell's from Heaven! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate. *Othello*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

MELANCHOLY.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourous sadness.

As You Like It, A. 4. Sc. 1.

——O Melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might eas'liest harbour in? *Cymbeline*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

——This is mere madness;
And thus awhile the fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
Ere that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping. *Hamlet*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

MELANCHOLY STORIES.

In Winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

King Richard II. A. 5. Sc. 1.

MENACE.

——Thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes set twenty thousand deaths,

In

In thy hands clutched as many millions,
In thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say
Thou ly'ſt! unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods. *Coriolanus*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

MERCY.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The Marſhal's truncheon, nor the Judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he like you would not have been ſo ſtern.
Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 2. Sc. 1.

——Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made. *Ibid.* A. 2. Sc. 1.

The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this ſceptred ſway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

Wilt

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus, A. 1. Sc. 2.

MERMAID.

——Thou remember'ſt,
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſic.

A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 2. Sc. 1.

MERRY MAN.

——A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Love's Labour Loſt, A. 2. Sc. 1.

MESSENGER.

——After him came ſpurring hard
A gentleman almoſt foreſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to *Cheſter*; and of him
I did demand the news from *Shrewſbury*.
He told me that rebellion had ill-luck,
And that young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold.
With that he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
Up to the rowel-head; and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 1. Sc. 3.

MESSEN-

MESSENGER WITH BAD NEWS.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the ſtrand whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Thou trembleſt, and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his *Troy* was burn'd.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear or ſin
To ſpeak a truth: if he be ſlain, ſay ſo;
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departed friend.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 1. Sc. 3.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

——Then let's ſay you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay you're merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time!
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they 'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 1.

MISERY.

Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows.

Tempeſt, A. 2. Sc. 2.

THE

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like priſoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon: while that the coulter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildneſs.

King Henry V. A. 5. Sc. 3.

MISTRESS.

——She is my own!
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my love.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2. Sc. 4.

MOB.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater guſt,
Such is the lightneſs of you common men.

Henry VI. Part III. A. 3. Sc. 1.

——What would you have, ye curs,
That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geeſe: you are no ſurer, no,

Than

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice, did it. Who deſerves greatneſs
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would increaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye—Truſt ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate;
Him vile that was your garland. *Coriolanus*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

MODERATION.

———Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great; and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Thou noble partner,
(The rather for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2. Sc. 2.

MODERATION IN LOVE.

Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. Sc. 6.

MODEST MERIT.

It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection.
Much Ado about Nothing, A. 2. Sc. 3.

MODESTY.

What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?

Since

Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that
Which they would have the proff'rer conſtrue *Aye:*
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1. Sc. 2.

——Let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.
As you Like It, A. 1. Sc. 2.

MONSTER.

A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And, as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. *The Tempeſt*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

MOONLIGHT.

How ſweet the moonlight ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſound of muſic
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica:* look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold!
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſounds!
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 5. Sc. 1.

Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endymion*,
And would not be awaked! *Ibid.*

MORNING.

——Night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wand'ring here and there
Troop home to churchyards; damned ſpirits, all

That

That in croſs ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light;
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 5. Sc. 1.

The grey-eyed morning ſmiles on frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light;
And flecked darkneſs, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path-way, made by *Titan*'s wheels.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. Sc. 3.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun!
How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his love!
Henry VI. Part III. A. 2. Sc. 1.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Ibid. A. 2. Sc. 6.

But look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill.
Hamlet, A. 1. Sc. 1.

MORTALITY.

——She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word—
To-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Macbeth*, A. 5. Sc. 5.

——*Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he ſleeps well;

Treaſon

Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further. *Macbeth*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

——Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeneſs is all—— *King Lear*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

——All the world 's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms.
And then the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.
As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 5.

MURDER,

See how the blood is ſettled in his face!
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meagre, pale, and bloodleſs;
Being all deſcended to the lab'ring heart,

Who,

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy:
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Henry VI. Part III. A. 3. Sc. 6.

MURDERER'S LOOK.

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his,
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

King John, A. 4. Sc. 2.

MUSIC.

Where should this music be? In air or earth?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some god of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the water,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air. *The Tempest*, A. 1. Sc. 5.

'Tis good; tho' music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

Measure for Measure, A. 4. Sc. 1.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win;

And

And what is muſic then? Then muſic is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new crowned monarch; ſuch it is
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 3. Sc. 2.

I'm never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.
——The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud
(Which is the hot condition of their blood);—
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirits are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no ſuch man be truſted. *Ibid.* A. 5. Sc. 1.

If muſic be the food of love, play on;
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

NATURAL AFFECTION.

O! ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,

These sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections) with one self-same king!

Twelfth Night, A. 1. Sc. 1.

NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

O reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.

King Lear, A. 2. Sc. 12.

NEW CUSTOMS.

——New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

King Henry VIII. A. 1. Sc. 1.

NEWS-TELLERS.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
That were embattled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.

King John, A. 4. Sc. 2.

NIGHT.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed! 'tis almost fairy time.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5. Sc. 1.

——Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black *Hecate*'s summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hum,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Macbeth, A. 3. Sc. 2.

Come,

——Come, feeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things by day begin to droop and drouse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Macbeth, A. 3. Sc. 2.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run,
By the triple *Hecate*'s team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5. Sc. 1.

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,
That drag the tragic melancholy night,
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves; and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Henry VI. Part II. A. 4. Sc. 1.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever

The ſoul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.

Hamlet, A. 3. Sc. 2.

NIGHT IN A CAMP.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt ſentinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And (the third hour of drowſy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inveſt in lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Preſented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, *Praiſe and glory on his head!*
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good-morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,

But

But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. *Henry V.* A. 4. Sc. 1.

NOBILITY.

Peace, master Marquis—you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O! that your young *Nobility* could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 3.

NUN.

——Question your desires:
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a Nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon?
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5. Sc. 1.

OATH.

No—not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,

What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? What other bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter; and what other oath
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterpriſe,
Nor the inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits,
To think, that or our cauſe or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he do break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.

Julius Cæſar, A. 2. Sc. 1.

OBEDIENCE.

———Be adviſ'd, fair maid.
To you your father ſhould be as a God,
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or diſfigure it.

A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 1. Sc. 1.

The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it: but to ſtubborn ſpirits
They ſwell, and grow as terrible as ſtorms.

King Henry VIII. A. 3. Sc. 1.

OBSOLETE LAWS.

———This new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me.

Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 1. Sc. 2.

We

We have ſtrict ſtatutes and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headſtrong ſteeds)
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time, the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum. *Meaſure for Meaſure*, A. 1. Sc. .

OLD AGE.

——It is as common to Old Age,
To caſt beyond itſelf in its opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. *Hamlet*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility:
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.
As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 3.

Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me, thou art my ſon *Antipholis*.
The Comedy of Errors, A. 5. Sc. 1.

Do you ſet down your name in the ſcrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? Have

you not a moiſt eye—a dry hand—a yellow cheek—a white beard—a decreaſing leg—an increaſing belly?—Is not your voice broken—your wind ſhort—your chin double—your wit ſingle—and every part of you blaſted with antiquity?—And will you yet call yourſelf young?—Fie, fie, fie!

Henry IV. Part II. A. 1. Sc. 2.

OLD SONG.

Mark it, *Cæſario*, it is old and plain;
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly, ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

OMENS.

The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign:
The night-crow cry'd a boding luckleſs tune:
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſts ſhook down trees:
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in diſmal diſcord ſung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope.
To wit, an indigeſt deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt born,
To ſignify, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt into the world with thy legs forward.

Henry VI. Part III. A. 5. Sc. 7.

OMISSION.

Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves.
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary,
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then, when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 3. Sc. 3.

OPHELIA DROWNING.

There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream:
There with fantaſtic garlands did ſhe come,

Of

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
(That liberal shepherds give a grosser name;
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;)
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook: her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress;
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death. *Hamlet*, A. 4. Sc. 10.

OPINION.

——There is nothing, either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so. *Ibid.* A. 2. Sc. 6.

OPPORTUNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

ORATION.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gain-say; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes:
Therefore no more but this: *Henry*, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.
Henry VI. Part III. A. 5. Sc. 6.

I shall lack voice; the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man, I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'erpress'd *Roman*, and i' th' consul's view
Slew three opposers: *Tarquin's* self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd th' best man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' th' garland. For this last,
Before and in *Corioli*, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stern. His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Now all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, when straight his double spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting. *Coriolanus*, A. 2. Sc. 6.

Funeral

Funeral ORATION, *after the language of Nature.*

——With faireſt flowers,
While Summer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave: thou ſhalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azure hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corſe. *Cymbeline*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

Othello's ORATION *to the Senate.*

Moſt potent, grave and reverend Seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe
In ſpeaking for myſelf: yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs—what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For ſuch proceeding I am charged withal)
I won his daughter with.
——Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life
From year to year—the battles, ſieges, fortunes
That I have paſs'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;

Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels' hiſtory;
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſerts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak (ſuch was the proceſs);
And of the Cannibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to hear,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline.
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively. I did conſent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, in faith 't was ſtrange, 't was paſſing ſtrange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it: yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heaven had made her ſuch a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I ſpake.
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt;
And I lov'd her that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady—let her witneſs it.

Othello, A. 1. Sc. 3.

ORDER.

The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this centre,
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of *Order*:

And

And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the other; whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the ſea! ſhaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixture! O when degree is ſhak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high deſigns,
The enterpriſe is ſick! How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primo-geniture and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſceptres, laurels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentic place?
Take but degree away—untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows! Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of Imbecility,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right, or rather right and wrong
(Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides)
Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too:
Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up himſelf. *Troilus and Creſſida*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

OSTENTATION.

——————Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand
Make gallant ſhew, and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſts, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

PAINTING.

Doſt thou love pictures? We will fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And *Cytherea*, all in ſedges hid,—
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.
We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done;
Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds;
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
The Taming of the Shrew, Induction.

The painting is almoſt the natural man:
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n ſuch as they give out. *Timon of Athens*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

PARENTAL FONDNESS.

How ſometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderneſs, and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter, and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman!
The Winter's Tale, A. 1. Sc. 2.

PARTING.

'T is not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilder-

A wilderneſs is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itſelf,
With every ſeveral pleaſure in the world;
And where thou art not, deſolation.
I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life;
Myſelf no joy in aught but that thou liv'ſt.

King Henry VI. Part II. A. 3. Sc. 8.

——Tend me to-night:
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance, to-morrow
You 'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away, but, like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods ſhield you for 't!

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4. Sc. 2.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear
The ſhe's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with oriſons; for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Cymbeline, A. 1. Sc. 5.

PARTING OF FRIENDS.

I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Antonio* part.
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: He anſwer'd, Do not ſo:
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;

And

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 2. Sc. 8.

PARTING OF LOVERS.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 4. Sc. 8.

We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves,
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up into a looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 3. Sc. 2.

——Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothneſs to depart would grow.—Adieu!

Cymbeline, A. 3. Sc. 2.

I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings, crack'd them but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. *Ibid.* A. 1. Sc. 4.

PATIENCE.

Ceaſe to lament for what thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help from that which thou lament'ſt.

Time

Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good:
There if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3. Sc. 1.

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time. *Othello*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

Patience unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek that have no other cauſe;
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But, were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, ſhould we ourſelves complain:
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience wouldſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
The Comedy of Errors, A. 2. Sc. 1.

PATRIOTISM.

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Julius Cæſar, A. 1. Sc. 2.

PATRONAGE.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Richard III. A. 3. Sc. 4.

PEACE.

So ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.

No

No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood:
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile pacers. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. *Henry IV. Part I.* A. 1. Sc. 1.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments,
Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry-meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures:
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly, in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
King Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 1.

PEACE AND WAR.

In peace there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;—
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. *King Henry V.* A. 3. Sc. 1.

PERIL.

When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent itſelf.
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but, ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itſelf,
And, with indented glides, did ſlip away
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead.

As You Like It, A. 4. Sc. 2.

PERSEVERANCE.

Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-ſiz'd monſter of Ingratitude's:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done.—Perſeverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty nail,
In monumental mockery. Take the inſtant way,
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt: Keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt——

Or,

Or, like a gallant horſe, fall'n in firſt rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in preſent,
Though leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'ertop yours:
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the hand,
And with his arms outſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps in the comer: *Welcome* ever ſmiles,
And *Farewell* goes out ſighing. O! let not Virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 3. Sc. 3.

PERSEVERANCE IN LOVE.

A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 't is not in hate of you;
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, get you gone, ſhe doth not mean away!.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er ſo black, ſay they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3. Sc. 1.

PERSONAL VIRTUE.

——Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.

Where

Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſy'd honour; good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe to Nature ſhe 's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave,
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 2. Sc. 3.

PERTURBATION OF MIND.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: If the aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and ſhoal of time—
We 'd jump the life to come.—But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: thus even-handed juſtice
Commends the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman, and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed: then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs courſers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That

That tears ſhall drown the wind.—I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on the other. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 7.

Let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,
Than in the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtacy. *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 2.

PHILOSOPHY.

I 'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, Philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 3. Sc. 5.

PICTURE.

Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding! What a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in his lip! To the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.
I 'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature: Artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.
Timon of Athens, A. 1. Sc. 1.

PITY.

For love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit's pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords!
Troilus and Creſſida, A. 5. Sc. 6.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Good, my Lord, will you ſee the players well beſtowed? Do you hear? let them be well uſed; for they are the abſtract and brief chronicles of the times: after your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live. *Hamlet*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

—I have

——————I have heard
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. *Hamlet*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier ſpoke my lines. Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hands, thus: but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I might ſay) whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. O! it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who, for the moſt part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews and noiſe; I would have ſuch a fellow whipt for over-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor: ſuit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you overſtep not the modeſty ofnature: for any thing ſo overdone, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end, both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature; to ſhew Virtue her own feature; Scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now, this over-done or come tardy off, though it may make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one muſt, in your allowance, o'erweigh the whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have ſeen play—and heard others praiſe, and that highly, not to ſpeak it profanely, that neither have the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gait of Chriſtians, Pagans, nor men, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

——Let thoſe that play your clowns ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them; for there be of them, that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh

laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered. That 's villanous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it.

Hamlet, A. 3. Sc. 2.

PLEASURE AND REVENGE.

——— Pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 3. Sc. 4.

POLITICS.

The Devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he croſs'd himſelf by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will ſet him clear.

Timon of Athens, A. 3. Sc. 5.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me in their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it.

Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 1. Sc. 1.

POPULAR FAVOUR.

I pr'ythee now, my ſon,
Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it, here be with them,
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones; for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears; waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
That will not hold the handling; or ſay to them,
Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou doſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf, forſooth, hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon. *Coriolanus*, A. 3. Sc.

POPULARITY.

Ourſelf——— ———————
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench:
A brace of draymen bid, God ſpeed him well!
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee;
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our *England* in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects' next degree in hope.

King Richard II. A. 1. Sc. 4.

It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he which is, was wiſh'd until he were,
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to and back, lackying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1. Sc. 4.

PORTIA'S PICTURE.

What find I here!
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit. What demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes——
How could he ſee to do them! Having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſh'd. Yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it! ſo far this ſhadow

Doth

Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3. Sc. 2.

POVERTY.

Art thou ſo baſe and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thine eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged miſery:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor; but break it, and take this.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5. Sc. 1.

POWER OF LOVE.

But love firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of thrift is ſtopt.
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in taſte;
For ſavour, is not Love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides*?
Subtle as *Sphinx!* as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair:
And when Love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's ſighs:
O! then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity.

Love's Labour Loſt, A. 3. Sc. 3.

PRAYER.

We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers

Deny

Deny us, for our good. So find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.

Anthony and Cleopatra, A. 2. Sc. 1.

——O thou! whoſe captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
Th' uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill!

Richard III. A. 5. Sc. 3.

The God of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupreme *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs, that thou mayſt prove
To ſhame invulnerable, and ſtick i' th' wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee! *Coriolanus*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

PRAYERS.

——When maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.

Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 1. Sc. 4.

PRECISE MAN.

——Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone! hence ſhall we ſee,
If power change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

Ibid. A. 1. Sc. 3.

——Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord *Angelo*: a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels

The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profit of the mind, ſtudy and faſt. *Ibid.* A. 1. Sc. 4.

PRECEDENT.

It muſt not be; there is no power in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'T will be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 4. Sc. 1.

PREDICTION.

Let me ſpeak, Sir;
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, Heaven ſtill move about her!
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed. *Sheba* was never
More covetous of wiſdom and fair virtue,
Than this bleſt ſoul ſhall be. All princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her foes ſhake, like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days, every man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known; and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by thoſe their greatneſs, not by blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her; but as, when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her aſhes new-create another heir,

As great in admiration as herſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one,
When heaven ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs,
Who from the ſacred aſhes of her honour
Shall ſtar-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright ſun of heaven ſhall ſhine,
His honour and the greatneſs of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: our children's children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs heaven.

King Henry VIII. A. 5. Sc. 4.

PREFERMENT.

———'T is the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt. *Othello*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

PRIDE.

Small things make baſe men proud.

Henry VI. Part II. A. 4. Sc. 1.

———Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Troilus and Creſſida, A. 3. Sc. 7.

———He that 's proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed i' the praiſe. *Ibid.* A. 2. Sc. 7.

PRODIGIES.

——Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields.

Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew
I am not in the roll of common men.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 3. Sc. 1.

In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs; and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets;
Stars ſhone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
Diſaſters veil'd the ſun; and the moiſt ſtar,
Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe:
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen'd coming-on,
Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Hamlet, A. 1. Sc. 1.

PRODIGIES RIDICULED.

——The earth ſhook to ſee the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
High towers and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth
Our grandam Earth with this diſte- perature
In paſſion ſhook. *Henry IV. Part I.* A. 3. Sc. 1.

PROGNOSTICS OF WAR.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change:
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t' enjoy by rage and war.

King Richard II. A. 2. Sc. 2.

PRO-

PROMISES.

Promiſing is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act; and but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed of ſaying is quite out of uſe. To promiſe, is moſt courtly and faſhionable. Performance is a kind of will, or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Timon of Athens, A. 5 Sc. 2.

PROSPERITY.

Proſperity 's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion, and whoſe heart together,
Affliction alters. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

PROSTITUTE.

'T is the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.

Othello, A. 5. Sc. 1.

PROTESTATION.

——Were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's; I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4. Sc. 3.

PROVIDENCE.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.

Hamlet, A. 1. Sc. 5.

——Raſhly——
And prais'd be raſhneſs for it.—Let us know
Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that ſhould teach us
There 's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Ibid.* A. 5. Sc. 2.

——There is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? *Ibid.* A. 5. Sc. 2.

——That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. Heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs:
And each man have enough. *King Lear*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

PROTESTATION OF LOVE.

True ſwains in love, ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus:* when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies, truth tired with iteration,
"As true as ſteel, as plantage to the moon,
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre;"
Yet, after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
"As true as *Troilus*" ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.
Troilus and Creſſida, A. 3. Sc. 2.

If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old, and have forgot itſelf;
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! When they have ſaid—as falſe
As air, as water, wind, or ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtepdame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid.* *Ibid.*

PUNC-

PUNCTUALITY.

——I 'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 3. Sc. 1.

PUNISHMENT.

The Law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man, that did the edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now 't is awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But here they live, to end. *Meaſure for Meaſure,* A. 2. Sc. 1.

QUIBBLING.

O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſy word
Defy the matter. *The Merchant of Venice,* A. 3. Sc. 5.

RANCOUR.

I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here, with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n there, where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him! *Ibid.* A. 1. Sc. 3.

RAPTURE.

——O thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,

Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4. Sc. 7.

RASHNESS OF YOUTH.

I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion done i' th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 5. Sc. 3.

RAVING OF A MOTHER.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine:
My name is *Conſtance*; I was *Geffry*'s wife:
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 't is like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canonized, Cardinal:
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

King John, A. 3. Sc. 4.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven.
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again;
For, ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he 'll die; and riſing ſo again,

When

When I ſhall meet him in the court of heaven,
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more. *Ibid.*

RECOMMENDATION.
(A death-bed one.)

Sir—I moſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the king—
In which I have commended to his goodneſs
The model of our chaſte loves—his young daughter.
The dews of heaven fall thick in bleſſings on her!
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble, modeſt nature;
I hope ſhe will deſerve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows, how dearly! My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I ſhould not lye), but will deſerve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty, and decent carriage,
A right good huſband; let him be a noble;
And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is, for my men.—They are the pooreſt;
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over, to remember me by:
If heaven had pleaſed to have given me longer life,
And abler means—we had not parted thus.
Thoſe are the whole contents: and, good my Lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this laſt right. *Henry VIII.* A. 4. Sc. 2.

REGRET.

——It ſo falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,

Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours. So will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
Th' idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4. Sc. 1.

RELENTING TENDERNESS.

——Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For that, *forgive our* Romans.—O, a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.—Ye Gods, I prate,
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink my knees i' th' earth;
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons. *Coriolanus*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

REMEDY OF EVILS.

Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed my eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings,
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe
What hath been, cannot be.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1. Sc. 2.

REMORSE.

REMORSE.

This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body that enforc'd
The law againſt it! But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me! yet reaſon dares her:
For my authority bears a credent bulk;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge;
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 4. Sc. 4.

Oh! when the laſt account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death,
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

King John, A. 4. Sc. 2.

Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fear in me:
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,

And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name. *Ibid.*

REPOSE.

——————She bids you
All on the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap;
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.
Henry IV. Part I. A. 3. Sc. 1.

REPROACH.

You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end of the beam ſhe'd bow. We've loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever. *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this buſineſs'-making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own. *The Tempeſt*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear: the trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; which, left unſhown,
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting. *Antony and Cleop.* A. 3. Sc. 5.

REPUTATION.

The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford
Is ſpotleſs reputation. That away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel

A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Richard II. A. 1. Sc. 1.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 't is ſomething, nothing—
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Othello*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

RESENTMENT.

Let it be ſo; thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of *Hecate*, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my ſometime daughter. *King Lear*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

RESERVE.

———Fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
All's Well that Ends Well. A. 4. Sc. 2.

RESOLVED LOVE.

———I would
Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babbling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me. *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. Sc. 5.

RESOLUTION.

——If they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.
Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4. Sc. 1.

——Wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field.
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
King John, A. 5. Sc. 1.

——If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know,
My faculties, nor perſon, yet will be
The chronicle of my doing; let me ſay
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through. We muſt not ſtint

Our

Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſurers, which ever
As ravenous fiſhes do a veſſel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing.—What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd—what worſt, as oft
Hitting a proper quality, is cried up
For our beſt act. If we ſhall ſtand ſtill
In fear, our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at.
We ſhould take root here where we ſit, or ſit
State-ſtatues only. *King Henry VIII.* A. 1. Sc. 2.

——How poor an inſtrument
May do a noble deed!—He brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I 'm marble conſtant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 5. Sc. 5.

Sweet, rouſe yourſelf: and the weak, wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from a lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air. *Troilus and Creſſida*, A. 3. Sc. 8.

O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel-houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſkulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
(Things, that to hear them nam'd have made me tremble);
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 4. Sc. 1.

RESPECT.

I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh,
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*. *Troilus and Creſſida*, A. 1. Sc. 6.

RESPECT TO THE WORLD.

You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 2.

REVENGE.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all. *Othello*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

Cæſar's ſpirit ranging for revenge,
With *Atè* by his ſide come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock!* and let ſlip the dogs of war.
Julius Cæſar, A. 3. Sc. 4.

Lo, by thy ſide where Rape, and Murder, ſtands;
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe;
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves;
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon-wheel
Trot like a ſervile footman all day long;
Even from *Hyperion's* riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfall in the ſea.
And day by day I 'll do this heavy taſk,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.
Titus Andronicus, A. 5. Sc. 4.

RHYMERS.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry *mew!*
Than one of theſe ſame metre ballad-mongers.
I 'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry:
'T is like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.
Henry IV. Part I. A. 3. Sc. 1.

RICHARD III. CHARACTER.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy ſchool-days frightful, deſperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly, and bloody.

Richard III. A. 4. Sc. 5.

RING IN A DARK PIT.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole;
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit.

Titus Andronicus, A. 2. Sc. 7.

RISING PASSION.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee. My child, farewell;
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that 's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-ſore, or emboſſed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee,
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
Mend when thou canſt; be better at thy leiſure.
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I, and my hundred knights. *King Lear*, A. 2. Sc. 12.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

I am that merry wanderer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a ſilly foal:
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab;
And when ſhe drink, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlaps pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;

Then

Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 2. Sc. 1.

ROYALTY.

——Do but think
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whoſe circuit is Elyſium,
And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
King Henry VI. Part III. A. 1. Sc. 4.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.
Richard III. A. 2. Sc. 5.

RUMOUR.

I from the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced in this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwol'n with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant War,
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe,
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with uncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. *Henry IV. Part II.* A. 1. Sc. 1.

SATIRE.

——Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays his bravery is not on my coſt;
Thinking that I mean him; but therein ſuits
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf: if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild-gooſe, flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. *As You Like It*, A. 2. Sc. 7.

SCOLDING.

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half ſo great a blow to hear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
The Taming of the Shrew, A. 1. Sc. 3.

SCORNFUL AND SATIRICAL BEAUTY.

Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endear'd. *Much Ado about Nothing*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

—I never

——I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair-faced,
She 'd ſwear the gentleman ſhou'd be her ſiſter;
If black, why Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a launce ill-headed;
If low, an aglet very vilely cut:
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth. *Ibid.*

SEASONS.

The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!
The Merchant of Venice, A. 5, Sc. 1.

SEDUCTION.

This man hath witch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moonlight at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n th' impreſſion of her phantaſy,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweetmeats (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth):
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs.
A Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 1. Sc. 1.

SELF-ABASEMENT.

——Though for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better: yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;

A thou-

A thouſand times more fair; ten thouſand times
More rich; that, to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething, which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king:
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

SELF-INTEREST.

——Rounded in the ear,
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of Faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground:
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
King John, A. 2. Sc. 6.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is not ſo vile a ſin
As ſelf-neglecting. *Henry V.* A. 2. Sc. 4.

SEPARATION.

To die is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And *Silvia* is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!

What

What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by,
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection?
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſic in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3. Sc. 1.

SERVILITY.

So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The general ſubjects to a well-wiſh'd king
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 2. Sc. 1.

It is the curſe of kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life;
And on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous Majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.

King John, A. 4. Sc. 2.

SHEPHERD.

I am a true labourer. I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

As You Like It, A. 3. Sc. 3.

SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely ſwain;
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now;

To

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours muſt I tend my flock;
So many hours muſt I take my reſt;
So many hours muſt I contemplate;
So many hours muſt I ſport myſelf;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Paſt over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how ſweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thouſand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands ſparling in a golden cup,
His body couched on a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt, and treaſons wait on him.

Henry VI. Part III. A. 2. Sc. 6.

SHEPHERD'S PHILOSOPHY.

I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: that he that hath learn'd no wit by nature, nor art, may complain of good-breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

As You Like It, A. 3. Sc. 3.

SICK-

SICKNESS.

Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound: we are not ourſelves
When nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body. *King Lear*, A. 2. Sc. 4.

SIMPLICITY.

I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

SLANDER.

For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion:
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.
The Comedy of Errors, A. 3. Sc. 1.

———'T is ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of *Nile*; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons—nay, the ſecrets of the grave,
This viperous ſlander enters. *Cymbeline*, A. 3. Sc. 4.

———For haply ſlander,
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Tranſports his poiſon'd ſhot, may miſs our name,
And hit the woundleſs air. *Hamlet*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

SLEEP.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter. *The Tempeſt*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

Boy! *Lucius!* faſt aſleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.
Julius Cæſar, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SOLI-

SOLICITATION.

———Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; ſince thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee
The ſon, the huſband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity 's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we 're bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we 're bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An eminent calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win: for either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our ſtreet; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
Theſe wars determine. If I can't perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to 't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world. *Coriolanus*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

SOLICITUDE.

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, ſweet, lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
And ſtart ſo often, when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks,

And given my treaſures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, Courage! To the field! and thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin,
Of priſoners' ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy fate ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are theſe!
Some heavy buſineſs hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 2. Sc. 3.

SOLITUDE.

How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5. Sc. 4.

Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The ſeaſons' difference: as the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
This is no flattery; theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.

As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SON PRAISED.

Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon;
A ſon who is the theme of Honour's tongue;
Amongſt a grove the very ſtraighteſt plant;
Who is ſweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O, could it be prov'd
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 1. Sc. 1.

SORROW.

Oh! if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Fellow, begone! I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

King John, A. 3. Sc. 1.

Sorrow breaks ſeaſons, and repoſing hours;
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 4.

———Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh: as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch ſmile:
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at. *Cymbeline*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

———Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt. You have ſeen
Sunſhine and rain at once: her ſmiles and tears
Were like a better day. Thoſe happy ſmiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence

As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief, ſorrow
Would be a rarity moſt belov'd, if all
Could ſo become it. *Lear*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

Give ſorrow words; the grief that doth not ſpeak
Whiſpers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Macbeth, A. 4. Sc. 6.

When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions. *Hamlet*, A. 4. Sc. 5.

SPECULATION AND PRACTICE.

If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions, I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is Madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of Good Counſel the cripple!
The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 2.

SPRING.

When daiſies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow! cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, &c.
Love's Labour Loſt, A. 5. Sc. 2.

STATUE.

——Oh! thus ſhe ſtood—
Even with ſuch life of majeſty (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd—does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? Oh, royal piece!

There's

There 's magic in thy majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee. *Winter's Tale*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

STOICISM.

I pray thee peace: I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.
Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5. Sc. 1.

STORM.

——*Jove*'s lightnings, the precurſors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake. *The Tempeſt*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

STORM DESCRIBED BY A CLOWN.

I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! But that's not to the point. Oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em; now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice—to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ſhip; to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it.—But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the ſea or weather.
The Winter's Tale, A. 3. Sc. 4.

STORMY NIGHT.

The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' th' air; ſtrange ſcreams of death,
And propheſying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to the woeful time: the obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake. *Macbeth*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

STREAM.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſic with th' enamell'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport to the wild ocean.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2. Sc. 7.

STUDY.

Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep-ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority, from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Love's Labour's Loſt, A. 1. Sc. 1.

SUBMISSION.

——God is much diſpleaſed
That with unthankfulneſs you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
King Richard III. A. 2. Sc. 2.

SUBMISSION TO THE LAWS.

——If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought;
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;

To

To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon;
Nay, more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your workings in a ſecond body:
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd,
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power ſo ſilencing your ſon.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 5. Sc. 2.

SUICIDE.

To be, or not to be; that is the queſtion:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And, by oppoſing, end them? To die—to ſleep—
No more:—And by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to—'t is a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd.—To die; to ſleep—
To ſleep! perchance to dream: aye, there's the rub!
For in that ſleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe. There 's the reſpect,
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action. *Hamlet*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit;
But life, being weary of thoſe worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this—know, all the world beſide,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

SUITORS.

From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal-breathing ſaint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide *Arabia*, are as thoroughfares now,
For princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair *Portia*.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 2. Sc. 7.

SUN-RISING.

——Know'ſt thou not
That when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders and in outrage bloody, here;
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,

The

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves!
King Richard II. A. 3. Sc. 2.

SUPERFLUITY.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmoothe the ice, and add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh:
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs. *King John*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

SUPPLICATION.

——Whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt,
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be;
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 7.

SUSPENSE.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SWIMMING.

I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms, in luſty ſtrokes,

To th' ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him. *The Tempeſt*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SYMPATHY.

Haſt thou, that art but air, a touch, a feeling,
Of their afflictions; and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further. *Ibid.* A. 5. Sc. 1.

TALE.

An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.
King Richard III. A. 4. Sc. 4.

TEARS.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
King John, A. 5. Sc. 2.

When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.
Titus Andronicus, A. 3. Sc. 2.

TEMPEST.

Are you not mov'd when all the ſway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm! O *Cicero!*
I have ſeen tempeſts when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;

But

But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtriſe in heaven;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Julius Cæſar, A. 1. Sc. 3.

———Things that love night
Love not ſuch nights as theſe; the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: ſince I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear. *King Lear*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

Poor naked wretches, whereſo'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take phyſic, Pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heavens more juſt. *Ibid.* A. 3. Sc. 4.

TEMPTATION.

——Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtraight in virtue,
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſome time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Meaſure for Meaſure, A. 2. Sc. 2.

——Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths;
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

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Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

THANKS.

———Thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Timon of Athens, A. 1. Sc. 3.

THIEVERY.

———I 'll example you with thievery.
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea. The moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun.
The ſea 's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The moon into ſalt tears. The earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtol'n
From general excrements. Each thing 's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves: away!
Rob one another. *Ibid.* A. 4. Sc. 7.

THOUGHT INEFFECTUAL.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
King Richard II. A. 2. Sc. 3.

TIME.

Oh, gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely, were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon the dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
Henry IV. Part I. A. 5. Sc. 5.

What! keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eight ſcore eight hours? and love's abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight ſcore times?
Oh weary reckoning! *Othello*, A. 3. Sc. 13.

TOOLS IN OFFICE.

Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you:

And

And though we lay thoſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſlanderous loads,
He ſhall but bear them as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Either led, or driven, as he points the way;
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in common. *Julius Cæſar*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

TORMENT.

——Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not undo again. *The Tempeſt*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

TRAVELLING.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1. Sc. 3.

TROILUS'S CHARACTER.

The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect

A ſe-

A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Even to his inches; and, with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me.
Troilus and Creſſida, A. 4. Sc. 9.

TRUE LOVE.

——If thou ſhalt ever love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. Sc. 4.

——He ſays he loves my daughter:
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt. *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

TYRANNICAL GOVERNMENT.

——Alas, poor country!
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks, that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſy: the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for whom? and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they ſicken. *Macbeth*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

VALE DESCRIBED.

A barren and deteſted vale, you ſee, it is.
The trees, though ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſſeltoe.
Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,

Would

Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
Titus Andronicus, A. 2. Sc. 4.

VALOUR.

Methought he bore him in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompaſs'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof and bark at him.
Henry VI. Part III. A. 2. Sc. 1.

VALUE.

But Value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itſelf
As in the prizer. 'T is mad idolatry
To make the ſervice greater than the god:
And the will doats, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
Without ſome image of the affected merit.
Troilus and Creſſida, A. 2. Sc. 2.

VALUE OF THE WORLD.

I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage where every man muſt play his part,
And mine a ſad one. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

VANITY OF PLEASURES.

Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.
Love's Labour's Loſt, A. 1. Sc. 1.

VANITY OF POWER.

No matter where: of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let 's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?

Our

Our lands, our lives, and all, are *Bolingbroke's*;
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that ſmall model of the barren earth
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the deaths of kings;
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war,
Some haunted by the ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd,
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. *King Richard II.* A. 3. Sc. 2.

VIRTUE.

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage. *Hamlet*, A. 1. Sc. 5.

VOWS.

The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.
Troilus and Creſſida, A. 5. Sc. 3.

WANT.

Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat.
Why ſhould you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings:
The oak bears maſt, the briars ſcarlet hips:
The bounteous houſewife, Nature, on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you.—Want! Why want?
Timon of Athens, A. 4. Sc. 3.

WANTONNESS.

——Fie, fie upon her!——
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay her foot ſpeaks, her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader! ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity.
Troilus and Creſſida, A. 4. Sc. 5.

WARLIKE SPIRIT.

Now all the youth of *England* are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man:
They ſell the paſture now to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian kings,
With winged heels, as Engliſh Mercuries:
For now ſits expectation in the air,
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.

King Henry V. A. 2. Sc. 1.

WARRIOR.

I ſaw young *Harry* with his beaver on,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 4. Sc. 2.

WIFE.

——I do think it is their huſbands' faults,
If wives do fall: ſay that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or ſay they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight:
Why we have galls; and though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee, and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have—What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is it frailty that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections,
Deſires for ſport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well: elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to. *Othello*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

WIFE'S DUTY.

Fie! fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land,
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou lieſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And when ſhe 's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

The Taming of the Shrew, A. 5. Sc. 2.

WILFULNESS.

——O, ſir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolmaſters. *King Lear*, A. 2. Sc. 13.

WILL.

WILL.

——'T is in ourſelves that we are thus and thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: ſo that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. *Othello*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

WINTER.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the ſhepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To whit! to who! a merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And *Marian*'s noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly, &c.

Love's Labour's Loſt, A. 5. Sc. 2.

WISDOM AND FORTUNE.

Wiſdom and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. Sc. 9.

WITCHES.

——What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips. You ſhould be women;

But

But yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

WITCHES' POWER.

I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches! though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken; anſwer me
To what I aſk you. *Ibid.* A. 4. Sc. 1.

WOLSEY'S CHARACTER.

——You are meek, and humble.
You ſign your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, ſpleen and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domeſtics to you, ſerve your will as 't pleaſe
Yourſelf pronounce their office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual.
Henry VIII. A. 2. Sc. 6.

WOMAN'S FEARS.

Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears:
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
King John, A. 3. Sc. 1.

WOMAN IN MAN'S APPAREL.

——I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparel'd like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick, and died;
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of theſe puny lyes I 'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear I 've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe. *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 3. Sc. 4.

—Were 't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We 'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.
As You Like It, A. 1. Sc. 3.

You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty ſelf, to waggiſh courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
Expoſing it (but, oh, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You have made *Juno* angry. *Cymbeline*, A. 3. Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

——Women are angels, wooing.
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she belov'd knows naught, that knows not this,
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1. Sc. 2.

——Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. *Antony and Cleop.* A. 3. Sc. 5.

WOMEN'S EYES.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire;
They are the books, the arts, th' academies,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
[illegible] all in aught proves excellent.

Love's Labour's Lost, A. 4. Sc. 4.

WOMAN INVECTIVE AGAINST.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all!
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
[illegible] vengeance, vengeance!
[illegible] my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
[illegible] pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
[illegible] so rosy, the sweet view on 't
[illegible] well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour—was 't not?—
[illegible]—at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
[illegible] a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one,
Cried, Oh! and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
It is the woman's part: be 't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

Lust,

Luft, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all:—For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them—yet 't is greater ſkill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better.

Cymbeline, A. 2. Sc. 7.

WONDER.

There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their geſture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one it muſt needs be.

The Winter's Tale, A. 5. Sc. 2.

—— Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear. *Macbeth*, A. 3. Sc. 4.

WORDS.

Why ſhould calamity be full of words,
Windy attorneys to their client's woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miſeries?
Let them have ſcope. Though what they do impart
Help nothing elſe, yet they do eaſe the heart.

King Richard III. A. 4. Sc. 4.

WORLD.

Oh, world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal and exerciſe
Are ſtill together, who twin as 't were in love
Unſeparable.

Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So fellest foes,
Whoſe pathions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep,
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues. *Coriolanus*, A. 4. Sc. 4.

WRONG.

——Now breathleſs Wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe,
And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight. *Timon of Athens*, A. 5. Sc. 5.

YOUTH.

——From our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omittting the ſweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that 's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days:
His years are young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2. Sc. 4.

——O thou Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt,
In theſe two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudeſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'T is wonderful,
That an invisible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not ſeen from other; valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd! *Cymbeline*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

A SE-

A SELECTION
OF THE MOST
INTERESTING SCENES
IN
SHAKSPEARE's PLAYS.

N°. I.—THE TEMPEST.

ACT III. SCENE I. *Before* Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

FERDINAND.

THERE be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſure: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed;
And he 's compoſed of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor; I forget;
But theſe ſweet thoughts do ev'n refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; *and* Proſpero, *at a diſtance unſeen.*

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, ſet it down and reſt you; when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He 's ſafe for theſe three hours.

Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mira. If you 'll ſit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,
I 'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature,
I 'd rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble miſtreſs: 't is freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I 've broke your 'heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration: worth
What 's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I 've ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect and ſo peerleſs are created
Of every creature's beſt.
Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I 'm ſkill-leſs of; but, by my modeſty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of. But I prattle

Somethi

Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda! I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!); and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I 'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful Cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy Innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't. And now farewel,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

N°. II.—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT III. SCENE I. *The Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provost.

DUKE.

So, then you 've hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope: I 've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble:
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast forgot'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,

T

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the *gout*, *serpigo*, and the *rheum*,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied Eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here, grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I 'll visit you again. [come.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here 's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provost.

Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger,
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one, as you, consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted Deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. Oh, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards. Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee for this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do 't.
Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, deareſt Iſabel.
Iſab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.
Iſab. Which is the leaſt?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh, Iſabel!
Iſab. What ſays my brother?
Claud. Death 's a fearful thing.
Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 't is too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live!
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Iſab. Oh, you beaſt!
Oh, faithleſs coward! oh, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I think?

Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh! Might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I 'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Iſabel.

Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin 's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd;
'T is beſt, that thou dy'ſt quickly.

Claud. Oh, hear me, Iſabel.

Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter; but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you; the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. [To Claudio, *aſide.*] Son, I have overheard what hath paſſed between you and your ſiſter. Angelo had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death. Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon. I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. [*Exit* Claud.

N°. III.—AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE VII. *Foreſt.*

Enter Duke Sen. *and Lords.* [*A Table ſet out.*

DUKE SEN.

I Think he is transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres.
Go, ſeek him, Tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company!
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool;——I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool—a miſerable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms—and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I—No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,

An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool—motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biskat
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have.
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: and why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain, as way to parish church:
He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of a fool.
Invest me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself:
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
Thinking, that I mean him; but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man——But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with a sword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.——
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orla. Nor shalt thou till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. What kind should this cock come of?
Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orla. You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland-bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. If you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed; and welcome to our table.
Orla. Speak you so gently?—Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever ſate at any good man's feaſt,
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
[*Sheathing his ſword.*

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſate at good men's feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtered.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love: till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till your return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woful pageants, than the ſcene
Wherein we play.

Jaq. All the world 's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms.
And then the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad

Made

Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden, and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need.
I ſcarce can ſpeak, to thank you for myſelf.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſic; and, good couſin, ſing.

N°. IV.—MACBETH.

ACT II. Scene II.

MACBETH.

GO, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling as to ſight? or art thou but

A dagger

A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.——
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt—I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There 's no ſuch thing—
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl 's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, towards his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.—Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about;
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.—Whilſt I threat, he lives—
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me: [*A bell rings.*
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell,
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night—he is about it—
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I 've drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Mach. Who 's there?——what ho!

Lady.

Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;
And 't is not done. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em.—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done 't—My huſband!
Macb. I 've done the deed—didſt thou not hear a noiſe?
Lady. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. Ay.
Macb Hark!—who lies i' the ſecond chamber?
Lady. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*
Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay, a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There 's one did laugh in his ſleep, and one cry'd, *Murther!*
They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd them
Again to ſleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd, *God bleſs us!* and *Amen!* the other;
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands,
Liſtening their fear, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought,
After theſe ways; ſo it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth *doth murther ſleep*; the innocent ſleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.——
Lady. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more*, to all the houſe:
Glamis *hath murther'd ſleep*; *and therefore* Cawdor

Shall

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth *shall sleep no more!*

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things. Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpoſe;
Give me the daggers. The ſleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking! [*Starting.*
How is it with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous ſeas incarnardine,
Making the green one red———

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white; I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſy is it then! Your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended—Hark, more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers. Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were beſt not know myſelf.
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking. Would thou couldſt! [*Exeunt.*

N°. V.—MACBETH.

ACT III. SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the Caſtle.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, *Lady*, Roſſe, *Lords, and Attendants.*

MACBETH.

YOU know your own degrees, ſit down:
At firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.

Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt;
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they 're welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks,
Both ſides are even. Here I 'll ſit i' the midſt.
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a meaſure
The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.
[*To the Murtherer, aſide, at the door.*

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt of cut-throats; yet he 's good,
That did the like for Fleance; if thou didſt it,
Thou art a non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad, and general, as the caſing air:
But now I 'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſaucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's ſafe?

Mur. Ay, my good Lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to Nature.

Macb.

Mach. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-morrow
We 'll hear 't ourselves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*

Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making
'T is given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of* Banquo *rises, and sits in* Macbeth's *place.*

Mach. Sweet remembrancer!
—Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit?

Mach. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Mach. The table 's full. [*Starting.*

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Mach. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.
What is 't that moves your highness?

Mach. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Mach. Thou canst not say, I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends; My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[*To* Macbeth *aside.*

Mach. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
Which might appal the devil.

Lady.

Lady. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; [*Aſide.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts,
Impoſtors to true fear, would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pry'thee, ſee there!
Behold! look! lo! how ſay you? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I? if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
If charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend
Thoſe, that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

Lady. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and ſince too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools. This is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends.
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all!
Then I 'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghoſt riſes again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee;

Thy

Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes,
Which thou doſt glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcan tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword!
If trembling I inhibit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible ſhadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, ſo—Being gone,
[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
I am a man again. Pray you ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*

Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good
With moſt admir'd diſorder. [meeting

Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us, like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Roſſ. What ſights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him. At once good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!

Lady. Good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood.—They ſay, blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs, that underſtand relations, have
By magotpies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There 's not a Thane of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
Betimes I will, unto the weyward sisters;
More shall they speak; for now I 'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep; my strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;
We 're yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

No. VI.—MACBETH.

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch. Harper* cries, 't is time, 't is time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, and throw in several ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.*

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt-ſea ſhark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming Jew:
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of Turk, and Tartar's lips:
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and other three Witches.*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſic and a Song.

Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is 't ye do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
Howe'er you come to know it, anſwer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll anſwer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters?

Macb. Call 'em. Let me ſee 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that 's ſweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thyſelf and office deftly ſhow. } [*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed Head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power———

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought.
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife—diſmiſs me—enough. [*Deſcends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy kind caution, thanks.
Thou 'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here 's another
More potent than the firſt, [*Thunder.*

Appa-

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Mach. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Mach. Then live, Macduff. What need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate. Thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder. [*Thunders.*

Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam-wood to Dunsinane's high hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Mach. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron sinks into the ground.*

Mach. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this.

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show!

2 *Witch.* Show!

3 *Witch.*

3 *Witch.* Shew.

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart.
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order; and Banquo the last, with a glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls.—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth!—Start, eye!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet? A seventh!—I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! nay, now I see 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Music.*

[*The witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What 's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weïrd sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was 't came by?

Len. 'T is two or three, my Lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good Lord.
Macb. [*Aside.*] Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits.
The flighty purpoſe never is o'ertook,
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The caſtle of Macduff I will ſurpriſe,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool:
This deed I 'll do before this purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights.—Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

N°. VII.—KING JOHN.

Act IV. Scene I. *A Priſon.*

Enter Hubert *and Executioners.*

Hubert.

HEAT me theſe irons hot, and look thou ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples; fear not you; look to 't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good-morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good-morrow, little Prince.
Arth. As little Prince (having ſo great a title
To be more Prince) as may be.—You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks,

Methinks, nobody ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long:
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt,
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was Geffrey's ſon?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heaven,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day;
In ſooth I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young Arthur———— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I muſt.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,

And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleaſed that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt——Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I 've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itſelf, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn hard than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue, but Hubert's.

[*Hubert ſtamps, and the men enter.*

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you.

Arth. O ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, beat me, Hubert—drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb,
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed. [*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe;
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go to, hold your tongue.——

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes; ſee elſe yourſelf.
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eyes,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

N°. VIII.—KING RICHARD II.

ACT V. SCENE V. *Prison at* Pomfret-*Castle.*

Enter King Richard.

I HAVE been studying, how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word: as thus, *Come, little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,

That

That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing. But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Muſic do I hear? [*Muſic.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how ſour ſweet muſic is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the muſic of men's lives;
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring,
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me;
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock.
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar:
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times. O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o' th' clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have holpe mad men to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a ſign of love; and love to Richard
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. *Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how com'ſt thou hither;
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dog,
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, king,
When thou wert King; who travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld,
In London ſtreets that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!

K. *Rich.* Rode he on Barbary! Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. *Rich.* So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride muſt have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe,
And yet I bear a burthen like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To th. Groom.*

K. *Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. *Rich.* Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; for Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee! Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help! help! help!

Enter Exton, *and Servants.*

K. *Rich.* How now! what means death in this rude aſſault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument;
[*Snatching a ſword, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon; thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood ſtain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood;
Both have I ſpilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

N°. IX.—The First Part of KING HENRY IV.

Act I. Scene II. *An Apartment of the* Prince's.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falſtaff.

Falstaff.

NOW, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. *Henry.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? Unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes,

and the bleſſed ſun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta. I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal. For we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not by Phœbus, he, that wandering knight ſo fair. And I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King—as God ſave thy Grace (Majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for Grace thou wilt have none) ——

P. *Henry.* What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry.* Well, how then?—Come—roundly, roundly—

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us, that are 'ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's booty. Let us be Diana's foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed, as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the Moon, under whoſe countenance we——ſteal.

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea; being govern'd, as the ſea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing, *Lay by*; and ſpent with crying *Bring in*: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad: and is not mine Hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

P. *Henry.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the caſtle; and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. *Hen.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time, and oft.

P. *Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal.

Fal. No, I 'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. *Hen.* Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art Heir Apparent ——— But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in England when thou art king? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antic, the Law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. *Henry.* No: thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I 'll be a brave judge.

P. *Henry.* Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. *Henry.* For obtaining of ſuits? ———

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. *Henry.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, indeed, the moſt comparative, raſcalliеſt, ſweet young Prince—— But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. *Henry.* Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by

the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I 'll be damn'd for never a king's ſon in Chriſtendom.

P. *Henry.* Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I 'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. *Henry.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal. 'T is no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!——Now ſhall we know, if Gads-hill have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

Enter Poins.

This is the moſt omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true man.——

P. *Henry.* Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet Hal. What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? What ſays Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good Friday laſt for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry.* Sir John ſtands to his word; the devil ſhall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry.* Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gad's-hill; there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I have viſors for you all; you have horſes for yourſelves: Gads-hill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke ſupper to-morrow night in Eaſtcheap; we may do it, as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry.* Who! I rob? I, a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal.

Fal. There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good-fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *Stand*, for ten shillings.

P. *Henry.* Well then, once in my days, I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. *Henry.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then when thou art king.

P. *Henry.* I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel; you shall find me in East-cheap.

P. *Henry.* Farewel, thou latter spring! Farewel, all-hallown summer. [*Exit* Falstaff.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gads-hill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my shoulders.

P. *Henry.* But how shall we part with them, in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. *Henry.* Ay, but, 't is like they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizors we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry.* But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fights longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. *Henry.* Well, I 'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in East-cheap; there I 'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. *Henry.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth, but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

N°. X.—The First Part of King Henry IV.

ACT II. Scene IV.

Enter Falſtaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

Poins.

WELCOME, Jack; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague on all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen!—Give me a cup of ſack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſew nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on all cowards!—Give me a cup of ſack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. *Henry.* Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? (pitiful-hearted Titan!) that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun? If thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here 's lime in this ſack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man. Yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it; a villainous coward—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! A bad world, I ſay.—I would I were a weaver; I could ſing all manner of ſongs.—A plague on all cowards! I ſay ſtill.

P. *Henry.* How now, Woolſack, what mutter you?

Fal. A king's ſon! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. *Henry.* Why you whoreſon round man! what 's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? Anſwer me to that, and Poins there? [*To* Poins.

P. *Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I 'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I 'll ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders,

shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All 's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague on all cowards, still, say I!

P. Henry. What 's the matter?

Fal. What 's the matter! Here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? Taken from us, it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw—*Ecce signum!* [*Shews his sword.*] I never dealt better since I was a man.—All would not do. A plague on all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murthered some of them.

Fal.

Fal. Nay, that 's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have paid two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal; if I tell thee a lye, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What! four? Thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! Why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to. Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſbegotten knaves in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. Henry. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreſon obſcene greaſy tallow-catch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendal

Kendal green, when it was ſo dark thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? Come, tell us your reaſon: what ſayſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? No; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! If reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would not give you a reaſon upon compulſion—I!

P. *Henry.* I 'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh——

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you dry'd neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh—O for breath to utter what is like thee—You tailor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck——

P. *Henry.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to 't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. *Henry.* We two ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down.—Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, Falſtaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight! What trick, what device, what ſtarting-hole, canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let 's hear, Jack; what trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye, my maſters; was it for me to kill the Heir Apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant as Hercules. But beware inſtinct; the lion will not touch the true Prince. Inſtinct is a great matter; I was a coward on inſtinct. I ſhall think the better of myſelf and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you

you have the money. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? Shall we have a play *extempore*?

P. *Henry*. Content:—and the argument ſhall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my lord the Prince!

P. *Henry*. How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what ſayſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. *Henry*. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry*. Pr'ythee do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I 'll ſend him packing [*Exit*.

P. *Henry*. Now, Sirs, by 'r lady, you fought fair; ſo did you, Peto; ſo did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no. Fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry*. Tell me now in earneſt; how came Falſtaff's ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed; and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. *Henry*. O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt

...blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy ... until yet thou runnest away. What instinct hadst thou ...?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague on sighing and grief, it blows up a man like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad; here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must go to the Court in the morning. The fame and ... of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave ... the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ... the devil his true begetman upon the cross of a Welsh ... what a plague call you him———

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of ... Douglas, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal has good mettle in him, he will ...

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow! but a foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there ...

one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more. Worcester is stol'n away by night. Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Henry. Then 't is like, if there come a hot June, and these civil buffetings hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, Nobility.——

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen,

For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of those harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompany'd; for though the camomile,

mile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my son; I have partly thy mother's word, partly mine own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries? A question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? A question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keep'st; for, Harry, now do I not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. *Henry*. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now, I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. *Henry*. Dost thou speak like a King? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me.—If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. *Henry*. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. *Henry*. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. *Henry*. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.————Nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. *Henry*. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er

ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that boulting hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtuft cloak-bag of guts, that roaſted *Manningtree* ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany; wherein villainous, but in all things; wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace.

P. *Henry.* That villainous abominable miſleader of youth, Falſtaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry.* I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do witneſs it; but that he is, ſaving your reverence, a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault, God help the wicked. If to be old and merry, be a ſin, then many an old hoſt, that I know, is damn'd. If to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharoah's lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardolph, baniſh Poins; but for ſweet Jack Falſtaff, kind Jack Falſtaff, true Jack Falſtaff, valiant Jack Falſtaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falſtaff, baniſh not him thy Harry's company; baniſh plump Jack, and baniſh all the world.

P. *Henry.* I do, I will. [*Knocking; and* Hoſteſs *goes out.*

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the door.

Fal Out, you rogue!—Play out the Play; I have much to ſay in behalf of that Falſtaff.

Re-enter

Re-enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras, the reſt walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, &c.

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord.—A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this houſe.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do aſſure you, is not here,
For I myſelf at this time have employ'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal;
And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher.

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it to be two o'clock. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* This oily raſcal is known as well as Paul's; go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaff——faſt aſleep behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. *Henry.* Hark! how hard he fetches breath! Search his pockets. [*He ſearches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. *Henry.* What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Let 's ſee, what be they? Read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and ſack after ſupper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of ſack! What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve ſcore. The money ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning: and ſo good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Nº. XI.---The Second Part of KING HENRY IV.

Act III. Scene I. *The Palace in* London.

Enter King Henry *in his Night Gown, with a Page.*

K. Henry.

GO, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them. Make good ſpeed. [*Exit Page.*
How many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle Sleep,

Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
A watch-caſe, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then happy lowly clown,
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty!
K. *Henry.* Is it good-morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.
K. *Henry.* Why, then, good-morrow to you. Well, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?
War. We have, my Liege.
K. *Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet diſtemper'd,
Which to its former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,

With

With good advice and little medicine;
My lord, Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.
K. *Henry*. Oh, heaven, that one might read the book of fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
Into the ſea; and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth, viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down, and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince
This Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, ev'n to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
(You, couſin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To War.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy.
'Northumberland, *thou ladder by the which*
'*My couſin* Bolingbroke *aſcends my Throne:*'
Though then, Heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent;
But that Neceſſity ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:
'*The time will come*, thus did he follow it,
'*The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,*
'*Shall break into corruption*;' ſo went on
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.
War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſy,

With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the neceſſary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueſs,
That great Northumberland, then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on You.

K. *Henry.* Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities;
And that ſame word even now cries out on us.
They ſay, the Biſhop and Northumberland
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,
The pow'rs that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that Glendower is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this fortnight ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours perforce muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. *Henry.* I will take your counſel;
And were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

N°. XII.——The Second Part of KING HENRY IV.

Act IV. Scene IV. *The Palace at* Weſtminſter.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. Henry.

NOW, Lords, if Heaven doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our navy is addreſs'd, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh;
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength,
And pauſe us, till theſe rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. *Henry.* Humphry, my ſon of Glouceſter,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think, he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at Windſor.

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my Lord.

K. *Henry.* Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my Lord and father?

K. *Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers; cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity;
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
'Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As, force-per-force, the age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it does work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh gunpowder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. *Henry.* Why art thou not at Windſor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied? Canſt thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and others his continual followers.

K. *Henry.* Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors,
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
Oh, with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Tow'rd fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite;
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue, wherein to gain the language,

'Tis

'Tis needful that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his Grace muſt meet the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis ſeldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Weſtmorland!

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health to my Sovereign, and new happineſs,
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your ſon, doth kiſs your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop Scroop, Haſtings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law!
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leiſure may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. *Henry.* O Weſtmorland, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your Majeſty!
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of Engliſh and of Scots,
Are by the ſheriff of Yorkſhire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. *Henry.* And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; ſuch the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort your Majeſty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

Weſt. My ſovereign Lord, cheer up yourſelf, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his Highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air, he'll ſtraight be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs;
Th' inceſſant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear me; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd heirs and loathly birds of Nature.
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doating chronicles,
Say it did ſo a little time before
That our great grandſire Edward ſick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. *Henry.* I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber. Softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper muſic to my weary ſpirit.

War. Call for the muſic in the other room.

K. *Henry.* Set me the crown upon the pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Who ſaw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs.

P. *Henry*. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

P. *Henry*. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. *Henry*. If he be ſick with joy,
He'll recover without phyſic.

War. Not ſo much noiſe, my Lords. Sweet Prince, ſpeak low;
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Wil' t pleaſe your Grace to go along with us?

P. *Henry*. No; I will ſit and watch here by the King.

[*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night. Sleep with it now.—
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not;
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move.—My gracious Lord! my father!
—This ſleep is ſound indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh Kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which Heaven ſhall guard; and put the world's whole ſtrength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. *Henry.* Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majeſty? How fares your Grace?

K. *Henry.* Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege,
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. *Henry.* The Prince of Wales? Where is he? Let me ſee him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtaid.

K. *Henry.* Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. *Henry.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death? Find him, my Lord of Warwick,
And chide him hither ſtraight: this part of his
Conjoins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, ſons, what things you are! how quickly Nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brainswith care,
Their bones with induſtry; for this, engroſs'd,
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold;
For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes.
When, like the bee, culling from every flower,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains! This bitter taſte
Yields his engroſſments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Waſhing

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quaft but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. *Henry*. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry—
—Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exeunt Lords.*

P. *Henry*. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. *Henry*. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought;
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not;
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
—Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.—
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd. Up, Vanity!
Down, royal State! All you sage Counsellors, hence;
And to the English Court assemble now,

From every region, apes of Idleneſs;
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways:
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England ſhall double gild his treble guilt;
England ſhall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of Reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom! ſick with civil blows,
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. *Henry.* O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech, [*Kneeling.*
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold:
Other, leſs fine in carat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable;

But

But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. *Henry*. O my ſon!
Heaven put it in thy head to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heaven knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All theſe bold fears,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered,
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene,
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort;
So thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green,

And

And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again diſplac'd; which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Leſt reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my ſtate. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry.* My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Warwick.

K. *Henry.* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaſter.

Lan. Health, peace, and happineſs to my royal father!

K. *Henry.* Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings, is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. *Henry.* My lord of Warwick——

K. *Henry.* Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jeruſalem, my noble Lord.

K. *Henry.* Laud be to God! even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in Jeruſalem,
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie;
In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

N°. XIII.—KING HENRY V.

ACT. IV. SCENE V.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams, *to the King.*

COURT.

BROTHER John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder.

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day; but I think we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. *Henry.* Under ſir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. *Henry.* Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet he ſhould; for, though I ſpeak it to you, I think, the king is but a man as I am: the violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the Thames up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo he were quit here.

K. *Henry.* By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates.

Bates. Then 'would he were here alone! ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſom'd, and many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. *Henry.* I dare ſay you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company, his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we are the King's ſubjects; if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at ſuch a place*; ſome ſwearing; ſome crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome, upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. *Henry.* So, if a ſon, that is ſent by his father about merchandiſe, do fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities; you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation. But this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of Peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if

theſe

theſe men have defeated the law, and outrun native puniſhment, though they can outſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſhed for before-breach of the King's laws, in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience; and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. *Henry.* I myſelf heard the King ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. *Henry.* If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that 's a perilous ſhot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never truſt his word after! Come, 't is a fooliſh ſaying.

K. *Henry.* Your reproof is ſomething too round: I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. *Henry.* I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. *Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in

in my bonnet; then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry.* There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to-morrow, This is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry.* If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word, fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you Engliſh fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. *Henry.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders: but it is no Engliſh treaſon to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

Manet King Henry.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of every fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! And what have kings,
That private have not too, ſave Ceremony,
Save general ceremony?——
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O Ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth!
What is thy ſoul, O Adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.

What

What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O be ſick, great Greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe;
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
'T is not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the King,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp,
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world;
No, nor all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread,
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help Hyperion to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a King.
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. *Henry.* Good old Knight,

Collect

Collect them all together at my tent:
I 'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my Lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

N°. XIV.—KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE IV. *The Tower.*

Enter Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

BRAKENBURY.

WHY looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night;
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon

Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaſter,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Glo'ſter ſtumbled; and in falling
Struck me, that ſought to ſtay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of waters in my ears!
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I ſaw a thouſand fearful wrecks;
A thouſand men that fiſhes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's ſkulls; and in thoſe holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in ſcorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death
To gaze upon the ſecrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt; but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air,
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was length'ned after life;
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoul.
I paſs'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud—What ſcourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he ſhriek'd out aloud—

Clarence

Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting perjur'd Clarence,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkſbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done thoſe things,
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,
For Edward's ſake; and, ſee, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, ſpare my guiltleſs wife, and my poor children!
—I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, ſtay by me;
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

Brak. I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good reſt!

[Clarence *ſleeps.*

Sorrow breaks ſeaſons, and repoſing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:
So that between their titles and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Vil.* Ho! who 's there?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'ſt thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would ſpeak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! ſo brief?

1 *Vil.* 'T is better, Sir, than to be tedious.—Let him ſee our commiſſion, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads.*] I am in this commanded to deliver

The

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs of the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleep, and there the keys.
I 'll to the King, and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge.

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir; 't is a point of wiſdom. Fare you well. [*Exit* Brakenbury.

2 *Vil.* What! ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he 'll ſay 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! Why, fool, he ſhall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he 'll ſay we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, *Judgment*, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1 *Vil.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I 'll back to the Duke of Glo'ſter, and tell him ſo.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed 's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies. I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where 's thy conſcience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of Glo'ſter's purſe.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'T is no matter, let it go; there 's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I 'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'T is a bluſhing ſhame-fac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom: it fills one full of obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a purſe

of

of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'T is even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 *Vil.* I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the coſtard with the hilt of thy ſword; and then throw him into the malmſey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent deviſe!—and make a ſop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I ſtrike?

2 *Vil.* No, we 'll reaſon with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You ſhall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly, doſt thou ſpeak!
—Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, Ay.

Clar. Ye ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To ſlay the innocent? What 's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawful queſt hath given their verdict up

Unto

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law,
To threaten me with death is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vaſſals! the great King of kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,
That *Thou ſhalt do no murder.* Will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed! for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law,

2 *Vil.* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For falſe forſwearing and for murder too:
Thou didſt receive the Sacrament to fight
In quarrel with the houſe of Lancaſter.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt break that vow; and with thy treach'rous blade
Unrip'dſt the bowels of thy Sovereign's ſon.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert ſworn to cheriſh and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canſt thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch high degree?

Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murder me for this,
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publicly.
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect, nor lawleſs courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant ſpringing-brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was ſtruck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will ſend you to my brother Glo'ſter,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your brother Glo'ſter hates you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, ſo we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bleſs'd his three ſons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us, from his ſoul, to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip.
Bid Glo'ſter think on this, and he will weep.

1 Vil. Ay, millſtones; as he leſſon'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not ſlander him, for he is kind.

1 Vil. As ſnow in harveſt.—You deceive yourſelf;
'T is he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Vil. Why ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 Vil. Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my Lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your ſoul,
To counſel me to make my peace with God;
And are you yet to your own ſouls ſo blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O, Sirs, conſider, they that ſet you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 Vil. What ſhall we do?

Clar. Relent, and ſave your ſouls.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's ſon,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murderers as yourſelves came to you,
Would not intreat for life? Ah! you would beg,
Were you in my diſtreſs——

1 Vil. Relent! 'T is cowardly and womaniſh.

Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.

My

My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me.
A begging Prince what beggar pities not?
2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.
1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmſy-butt within. [*Exit.*
2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatch'd.
—How fain, like Pilate, would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous guilty murder!

Re-enter firſt Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt me not?
By Heaven the Duke ſhall know how ſlack you 've been.
2 *Vil.* I would he knew that I had ſav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*
1 *Vil.* So do not I. Go, coward as thou art.
—Well, I 'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial;
And, when I have my meed, I muſt away:
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

N°. XV.—KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II. Wolſey *alone.*

WOLSEY.

SO farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,

These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls, like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, *standing amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I 'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I 'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom.

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is choſen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That 's ſomewhat ſudden——
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs' favour, and do juſtice
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Wol. That 's news indeed.
Crom. Laſt, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have loſt for ever.
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter. Seek the King.
That ſun, I pray, may never ſet. I 've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.
Crom. O, my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then, I taught thee;
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels: How can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
And—Pr'ythee, lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 't is the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of Court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

N°. XVI.—KING HENRY VIII.

ACT. IV. SCENE II. Kimbolton.

Enter Catherine *Dowager, ſick, led between* Griffith, *her Gentleman-Uſher, and* Patience, *her Woman.*

GRIFFITH.

HOW does your Grace?

Catb. O Griffith, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair;
So—now, methinks, I feel a little eaſe.
Didſt thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolſey,
Was dead?

Griff. Yes, madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Catb. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died;
If well, he ſtepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Griff. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the ſtout earl Northumberland
Arreſted him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill,
He could not ſit his mule.

Catb. Alas, poor man!

Griff. At laſt, with eaſy roads, he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words:—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to-bed: where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to Heaven, and ſlept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity—he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Griff. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford; one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Cath.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Griff. She is asleep. Good wench, let 's sit down quiet
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Griff. Madam, we 're here.
Cath. It is not you I call for.
Saw you none enter, since I slept?
Griff. None, Madam.
Cath. No! Saw you not e'en now a blessed troop,
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.
Griff. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Cath. Bid the music leave,
'T is harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Observe her eyes.
Griff. She is going, wench. Pray, pray——
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. An 't like your Grace———

Catb. You are a ſaucy fellow.
Deſerve we no more reverence?

Griff. You 're to blame,
Knowing ſhe will not loſe her wonted greatneſs,
To uſe ſo rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Meſſ. [*kneeling*] I humbly do intreat your Highneſs' pardon;
My haſte made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying
A gentleman ſent from the King, to ſee you.

Catb. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er ſee again. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter Capucius.

If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the ſame, your ſervant.

Catb. O my Lord,
The times and titles are now alter'd ſtrangely
With me ſince firſt you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt mine own ſervice to your Grace; the next,
The King's requeſt that I would viſit you,
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Catb. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution.
That gentle phyſic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I 'm paſt all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highneſs?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Catb. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh
When I ſhall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Baniſh'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Catb. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap.

Cap. Moſt willing, Madam.

Catb. In which I have commended to his goodneſs
The model of our chaſte loves, his young daughter.
The dews of heaven fall thick in bleſſings on her!
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She 's young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope, ſhe will deſerve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I ſhould not lye, but well deſerves,
For virtue and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty and decent carriage,
A right good huſband; let him be a noble;
And, ſure, thoſe men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my men; they are the pooreſt,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me.
If Heaven had pleas'd to 've given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will;
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man!

Catb. I thank you, honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſs;
And tell him his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bleſs'd him;
For ſo I will—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord—Griffith, farewel—Nay, Patience,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed——
Call in more women—When I 'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaſte wife to my grave; embalm me,
Then lay me forth. Although unqueen'd, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more——— [*Exeunt, leading* Catharine.

N°. XVII.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act II. Scene I.

Brutus *alone.*

BOY! Lucius!—Faſt aſleep. It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey heavy dew of ſlumber.
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stol'n from my bed; and, yeſternight at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
Muſing and ſighing, with your arms acroſs;
And, when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted; yet you anſwer'd not;
But with an angry waſture of your hand
Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,

As

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wiſe; and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my Brutus,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you; for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle, Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, conſort your bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Then am I Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife

I grant,

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks! Portia, go in awhile;
And, by and by, thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows.—
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* Portia.

N°. XVIII.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II. *The* Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and mounts the* Roſtra; Caſſius, *with the Plebeians.*

Plebeian.

WE will be ſatisfied. Let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers.
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow Caſſius, go with him;
And public reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of Cæſar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus ſpeak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Caſſius, and compare their reaſons,
When ſeverally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* Caſſius, *with ſome of the Plebeians.*

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is aſcended. Silence!

Bru.

Bru. Be patient till the laſt.

Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer: Not that I lov'd Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves, than that Cæſar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæſar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition.

Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bondman?
If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.
Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman?
If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.
Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country?
If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.
I pauſe for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhall do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæſar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæſar.
4 *Pleb.* Cæſar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.
1 *Pleb.* We 'll bring him to his houſe
With ſhouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen——
2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! Brutus ſpeaks.
1 *Pleb.* Peace ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæſar's corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permiſſion, is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair,
We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of Brutus?
3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for Brutus' ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4 *Pleb.* 'T were beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Pleb.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that 's certain.
We are bleſt that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can ſay.
Ant. You gentle Romans,——
All. Peace ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault,
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæſar hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the Lupercal
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke;
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe:
What cauſe withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon. Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 't is certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong,

Who,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the ſeal of Cæſar:
I found it in his cloſet; 't is his will.
Let but the Commons hear this teſtament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue.

4 Pleb. We 'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will! the will! We will hear Cæſar's will!

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends! I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæſar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæſar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you ſhould, O what would come of it!

4 Pleb. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony:
You ſhall read us the will; Cæſar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay awhile?
I have o'erſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar. I do fear it.

4 Pleb. They were traitors. Honourable men!

All. The will! the teſtament!

2 Pleb. They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpſe of Cæſar,
And let me ſhew you him that made the will.
Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 Pleb. You ſhall have leave.

4 Pleb. A ring! Stand round!

1 Pleb.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.
2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony——moſt noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me; ſtand far off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember,
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on,
'T was on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii,
Look! in this place ran Caſſius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Caſca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no.
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel;
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him.
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all:
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.
1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!
2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæſar!
3 *Pleb.* O woful day!
4 *Pleb.* O traitors! villains!
1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!
2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd! Revenge! About—ſeek—burn—fire—kill!—ſlay! Let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there. Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We 'll hear him; we 'll follow him; we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny:
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to ſpeak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on.
I tell you that which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny———

1 *Pleb.* We 'll burn the houſe of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then! Come, ſeek the conſpirators!

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, moſt noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæſar thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not. I muſt tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Moſt true—the will—Let 's ſtay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæſar's ſeal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble Cæſar! We 'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæſar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant.

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that ſide Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a Cæſar! when comes ſuch another?
1 *Pleb.* Never, never! Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houſes!
Take up the body.
2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire!
3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches!
4. *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing!
[*Exeunt Plebians with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work. Miſchief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!

N°. XIX.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT IV. SCENE III. *The inſide of* Brutus's *Tent.*
Brutus *and* Caſſius.

CASSIUS.

THAT you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man, was ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Cas. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ſhould bear its comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus, that ſpeak this;
Or, by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

Bru.

Bru. The name of Caſſius honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.
Caſ. Chaſtiſement!——
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? What! ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers—ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes;
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?——
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.
Caſ. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it. You forget yourſelf,
To edge me in. I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to: you are not Caſſius.
Caſ. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſ. Urge me no more; I ſhall forget myſelf——
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, ſlight man!
Caſ. Is 't poſſible?——
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak;
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?
Caſ. O Gods! ye gods! muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, ſhew your ſlaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Though it do ſplit you: for, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru.

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus:
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier; not a better.
Did I ſay better?——

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not?———

Bru. No.

Caſ. What! durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love.
I may do that I ſhould be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means;
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me. Was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Daſh him to pieces.

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend ſhould bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practiſe them on me.

Caſ.

Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come;
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
If thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didſt at Cæſar; for, I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O, Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Caſſius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand!
Bru. And my heart too! [*Embracing.*
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the mater?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Enter

Enter Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring Meſſala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Caſ. I did not think you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. O Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears ſorrow better. Portia 's dead.
Caſ. Ha! Portia.
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How 'ſcap'd I killing when I croſs'd you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief that young Octavius, with Mark Antony,
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong (for with her death
That tidings came); with this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!
Bru. Speak no more of her.

N°. XX.—TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act IV. Scene III. *The Woods.*

Enter Timon.

TIMON.

O Bleſſed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not even nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune

But by contempt of nature.
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the paſtor lards the brother's ſides,
The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, this man's a flatterer? If one be,
So are they all; for every greeze of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea, himſelf, Timon diſdains.
Deſtruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots;
[*Digging the earth.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon!
What 's here? Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, Gods, I am no idle votariſt.
Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much
Of this will make black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You Gods! Why, this—What! this, you Gods?—Why, this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She whom the ſpital-houſe, and ulcerous ſores,
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth!
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?
——Thou 'rt

——Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee. Thou 'lt go, ſtrong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand.
—Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, *with drum and fife in warlike manner, and* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? Speak.
Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!
Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?
Tim. I am Miſanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
not deſire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground. Gules! gules!
Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel;
Then what ſhould war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiſs thee: then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendſhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alc. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none.
If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee,
For thou art a man; if thou doſt perform,
Confound thee, for thou art a man.
Alc. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.
Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperity.
Alc. I ſee them now; then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill. They love thee not that uſe thee:
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt;
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
To th' tub-faſt, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monſter.

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd, and loſt in his calamities.
—I have but little gold of late, brave Timon;
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd
How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim. I pr'y thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I 'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well.
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

Tim. War'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy conqueſt,
And after, thee, when thou haſt conquered!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains thou waſt born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on—Here 's gold—Go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air. Let not thy ſword ſkip one.
Pity not honour'd Age for his white beard;
He is an uſurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron:
It is her habit only that is honeſt;

Herſelf 's

Herſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-barn bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt objects,
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſt in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy ſoldiers.
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! ſpeak not, be gone.

Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I 'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, Heaven's curſe upon thee!

Both. Give us ſome gold, good Timon. Haſt thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant; you 're not oathable,
Although I know you 'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I 'll truſt to your conditions. Be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoak,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains
Six months be quite contrary: and thatch
Your poor-thin roofs with burdens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd, no matter)
Wear them, betray with them, and whore on ſtill;
Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold — what then?
Believe that we 'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of men; ſtrike the ſharp ſhins,

And marr men's ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly: hoar the flamen,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf: down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that, his particular to foreſee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection.—There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counſel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more miſchief, firſt. I've given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the drums towards Athens. Farewell, Timon. If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Callſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence. Away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him. Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* Alcib. Phrynia, *and* Timandra.

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
Teems and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puſt,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm,
With all th' abhorred births below criſp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb;

Let

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man:
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above
Never preſented—O, a root—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquoriſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.——

Enter Apemantus.

More man! Plague! plague!——
Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.
Tim. 'T is then becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Conſumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not theſe woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt obſerve,
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus;
Thou gav'ſt thine ears (like tapſters, that bid welcome)
To knaves and all approachers: 't is moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal. Hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have 't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.
Tim. Were I like thee, I 'd throw away myſelf.
Apem. Thou 'ſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf,
So long a madman, now a fool. What think'ſt thou,
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? Will theſe moiſt trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp; is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish. Best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being;
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts, of men
At duty, more than I could frame employments
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak; have with one winter's bruſh
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burden.
Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance; time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt curſe, thy father, that poor rag,
Muſt be thy ſubject, who in ſpite put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee,
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! Begone——
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have ſhut up in thee,
I 'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
—That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here. I will mend thy feaſt. [*Offering him another.*

Tim. Firſt mend my company; take away thyſelf.

Apem. So I ſhall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'T is not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldſt thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind, if thou wilt.
Tell them there, I have gold. Look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſauce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curioſity; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There 's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadſt hated meddlers ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, or remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs; if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee; and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine ownſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All

thy

thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? And what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy loſs in tranſformation!

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon! A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſy but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.—I'll beat thee, but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive:
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldſt burſt!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue; I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[Apemantus *retreats backward, as going.*

I am ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought
But even the mere neceſſities upon it.
Then, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily; make thine epitaph;

That death in thee at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou viſible God,
That ſold'reſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! Oh, thou touch of hearts!
Think thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.
Apem. 'Would 't were ſo;
But not till I am dead! I 'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd to?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.——
Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!
Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die! I am quit.
More things like men——Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
[*Exit* Apemantus.

No. XXI.—CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE II. *A magnificent Bed-Chamber; in one part of it a large trunk.*

Imogen *is diſcovered reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

IMOGEN.

WHO 's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam.——
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then; mine eyes are weak.
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To-bed.
Take

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
——— [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *rises from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! Fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch!
But kiss, one kiss—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and such, pictures—there, the window—such
The adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why, such and such—and the contents o' the story—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, to enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!——Come off, come off.———
[*Taking off her bracelets*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.———
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I 've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end?

Why

That death in thee at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou viſible God,
That ſold'reſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! Oh, thou touch of hearts!
Think thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.
Apem. 'Would 't were ſo;
But not till I am dead! I 'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd to?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.——
Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!
Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die! I am quit.
More things like men——Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
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Imo. I have read three hours then; mine eyes are weak.
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To-bed.

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Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
——— [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beſeech ye. [*Sleeps.*
[Iachimo *riſes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'erlabour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: our Tarquin thus
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The chaſtity he wounded. Cytherea,
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And whiter than the ſheets! that I might touch!
But kiſs, one kiſs—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee the incloſed light, now canopy'd
Under theſe windows: white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my deſign's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and ſuch, pictures—there, the window—ſuch
The adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why, ſuch and ſuch—and the contents o' the ſtory—
Ah, but ſome natural notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, to enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!——Come off, come off.——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlippery as the Gordian knot was hard.———
'T is mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To the madding of her Lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I' the bottom of a cowſlip. Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I 've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more—to what end?

Why

Why ſhould I write this down, that 's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up——I have enough:——
To the trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare its raven eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk; the Scene cloſes.*

N°. XXII.—CYMBELINE.

ACT III. SCENE III. *A Foreſt with a Cave, in* Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

BELLARIUS.

A Goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof 's as low as ours. See, boys! this gate
Inſtructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through,
And keep their impious turbants on, without
Good-morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We houſe i' the rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain ſport. Up to yond hill;
Your legs are young: I 'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which leſſens and ſets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.
This ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:

And

And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd. No life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you ſpeak. We, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the neſt; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt: ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age: but unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? How,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing;
We 're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the Court,
As hard to leave as keep; whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling; the toil of the war,
A pain that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the ſearch;
And hath as oft a ſlanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what 's worſe,
Muſt curtſy at the cenſure. Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once

First

First with the beſt of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans; ſo
Follow'd my baniſhment; and theſe twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd an honeſt freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' the feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter:
And we will fear no poiſon which attends
In place of greater ſtate. I 'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt* Guid. *and* Arv.

How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little they are ſons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The King his father called Guiderius—Jove!
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, *Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I ſet my foot on his neck: even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek; he ſweats
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal

(Once

(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving—Hark! the game is rouz'd.——
Oh, Cymbeline! Heaven and my conſcience know,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me; whereon,——
At three and two years old I ſtole theſe babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou waſt their nurſe: they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave;
Myſelf, Bellarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game 's up. [*Exit.*

No. XXIII.—KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II. *A Heath. Storm.*

Enter Lear *and* Fool.

LEAR.

BLOW winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world;
Crack nature's mould; all germins ſplit at once
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry houſe is better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughter's bleſſing: here 's a night that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindneſs:
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children:
You owe me no ſubſcription; then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Here I ſtand, your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man.

But

But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 't is foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put 's head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will houſe,
Before the head has any,
The head and he ſhall louſe;
So beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe,
What he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his ſleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace, and a cod-piece; that 's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? Things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe; the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjure, and thou ſimular of virtue,
That art inceſtuous. Caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That, under covert and convenient ſeeming,
Haſt practis'd on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and aſk

These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in, return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
I 'm cold myself. Where is the straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I 've one part in my heart,
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,*
With, heigh ho! the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exit.*

Fool. 'T is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go.
When priests are more in words than matter;
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn, but wenches' suitors:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
When every case in law is right,
No 'squire in debt, and no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I do live before his time.

N°. XXIV.—KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE IV. *Changes to a part of the Heath with a Hovel.*

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Fool.*

KENT.

HERE is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter.
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here,

Lear. Will 't break my heart?

Kent. I 'd rather break mine own. Good my Lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 't is much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 't is to thee.
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou 'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou 'dſt meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body 's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to 't?—But I 'll puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more—In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out!—Pour on, I will endure—
In ſuch a night as this! O Regan, Gonerill!
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all—
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that.——

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe:
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—But I 'll go in.
In boy, go firſt. [*To the Fool.*] You houſeleſs poverty——
Nay, get thee in; I 'll pray, and then I 'll ſleep—[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor

Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take phyſic, Pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heavens more juſt.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor Tom.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here 's a ſpirit. Help me, help me! [*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who 's there!

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit! He ſays, his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou, that doſt grumble there i' the ſtraw? Come forth.

Enter Edgar, *diſguiſed like a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me.
Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.
Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and through whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe over four-inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor. Bleſs thy five wits: Tom 's a-cold. O do de, do de, do de. Bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking. Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there—and here again, and there! [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this paſs?——
Couldſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou give e'm all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all aſham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent.

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death! traitor. Nothing could have ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill,
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents. Keep thy word juſtly. Swear not. Commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe. Set not thy ſweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerved the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heaven. One that ſlept in the contriving luſt, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk. Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mun, nonny, dolphin, my boy, boy, Seſſey let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies———
Is man no more than this? Conſider him well:
Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide;
The ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—ha! here 's
Three of us are ſophiſticated! Thou art the thing
Itſelf: unaccommodated man is no more than
Such a poor bare forked animal as thou art—Off, off,
You lendings: Come, unbutton here.—
[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pry'the, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night

to

to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a ſmall ſpark, and all the reſt on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt cock. He gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the Wold;
He met the night-mare and her nine fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Glo'ſter *with a torch.*

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallads, ſwallows the old rat and the ditch dog, drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whip'd from tything to tything, and ſtock'd, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd; who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body:

Horſe to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman; Mohu he 's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
To obey in all your daughter's hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear.

Lear. First let me talk with this philoſopher.
—What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer.
Go into th' houſe.

Lear. I 'll talk a word with this ſame learned Theban.
—What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord.
His wits begin t' unſettle.

Glo. Canſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*
His daughters ſeek his death. Ah, that good Kent!
He ſaid it would be thus—poor baniſh'd man!——
Thou ſay'ſt the King grows mad: I 'll tell thee, friend,
I 'm almoſt mad myſelf: I had a ſon,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he ſought my life
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father, his ſon dearer. True to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this.
I do beſeech your Grace——

Lear. O, cry you mercy, Sir.
—Noble philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom 's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let 's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words, huſh!

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was ſtill, Fy, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man. [*Exeunt.*

No. XXV.—KING LEAR.

Act III. Scene VI. *A Chamber in a Farm Houſe.*

Enter Kent *and* Glo'ſter.

Glo'ster.

HERE is better than the open air, take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindneſs!

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and Fool.*

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkneſs. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, a horſe's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It ſhall be done; I will arraign them ſtraight.
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;
Thou ſapient Sir, ſit here—Now, ye ſhe-foxes!——

Edg. Look, where ſhe ſtands and glares! Wanteſt thou eyes? At trial, Madam.
Come o'er the broom, Beſſy, to me.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak;
Why, ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not ſo amaz'd.
Will you lie down, and reſt upon the cuſhions?

Lear. I 'll ſee their trial firſt; bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are o' th' commiſſion, ſit you too.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.
Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd?
Thy ſheep be in the corn;
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.
Purre, the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kicked the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, miſtreſs; is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool.

Lear. And here 's another, whoſe warp'd looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of. Stop her there!
Arms! arms! ſword! fire!—Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, ſee, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, greyhound, mungril grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, brache, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do de, de de. Seſſey, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts?—You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred:

hundred: only I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay, they are Perſian; but let them be changed.

Re-enter Glo'ſter.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here and reſt awhile.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains. So, ſo, we 'll go to ſupper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the King, my maſter?

Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms.
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive tow'rd Dover, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhould dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppreſſed nature ſleeps.
This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
Which, if conveniency will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind [*To Fool.*

Glo. Come, come away! [*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' th' mind;
Leaving free things and happy ſhows behind:
But then the mind much ſuff'rance does o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.
How light, and portable, my pain ſeems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away;
Mark the high noiſes, and thyſelf bewray;
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy juſt proof repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will, hap more to-night; ſafe 'ſcape the King!
Lurk, lurk.——— [*Exit* Edgar.

No. XXVI.—KING LEAR.

ACT IV. SCENE VI. Edgar *and* Glo'ſter.

Enter Lear, *mad.*

EDGAR.

BUT who comes here?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper. Draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do 't.—There 's my gauntlet, I 'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well-flown, Bird! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh.—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril! with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay *ay* and *no* to every thing I ſaid! Ay and No too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men of their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lye; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubject quakes.

I par-

I pardon that man's life. What was the cauſe?
Adultery?
Thou ſhalt not die. Die for adultery! No;
The wren goes to 't, and the ſmall gilded fly
Does lecher in my ſight.
Let copulation thrive; for Glo'ſter's baſtard ſon
Was kinder to his father than my daughters,
Got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers.——
Behold yon ſimpering dame,
Whoſe face between her forks preſageth ſnow;
That minces virtue, and does ſhake the head
To hear of pleaſure's name;
The fitchew, nor the ſoiled horſe, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waiſt they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the Gods inherit;
Beneath is all the fiend's; there 's hell, there 's darkneſs,
There is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption. Fy, fy, fy! pah, pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To ſweeten my imagination! There 's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt; it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall ſo wear out to nought. Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Doſt thou ſquiny at me? No, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I 'll not love.
Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report. It is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lear. Oh, oh! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What! art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yond

juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Hark in thine ear. Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief? Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur. There thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority; a dog 's obey'd in office——

Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? Strip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind,
For which thou whipp'ſt her. Th' uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I 'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To ſeal the accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes,
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou doſt not.
Now, now, now, now! Pull off my boots. Harder, harder. So.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glo'ſter.
Thou muſt be patient: we came crying hither;
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee. Mark—

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools.—This a good block!—
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt; I 'll put 't in proof;
And when I 've ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter——

Lear. No reſcue? What! a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Uſe me well,

You

You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons;
I am cut to th' brains.
Gent. You ſhall have any thing.
Lear. No ſeconds? all myſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt;
To uſe his eyes for garden water-pots,
And laying autumn's duſt. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What! I will be jovial.
Come, come, I am a King, my maſters; know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there 's life in 't. Come, an' you get it,
You ſhall get it by running. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa! [*Exit.*
Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.
Gent. Sir, ſpeed you. What 's your will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
Edg. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot. The main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, Sir. That 's all.
Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
Edg. I thank you, Sir. [*Exit Gent.*
Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?
Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of knowing and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the beniſon of heaven
To boot, and boot!——

No. XXVII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II. Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO.

HE jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound—
But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!
[Juliet *appears above at a window.*
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off——
It is my lady; O! it is my love;
O that ſhe knew ſhe were!——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing. What of that?
Her eye diſcourſes; I will anſwer it——
I am too bold; 't is not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.

Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this ſight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heaven,
Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo—Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyſelf, though not a Montague.
What 's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part.
What 's in a name? That which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that thus, beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.
Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire:
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandize.
Jul. Thou know'ſt the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have ſpoke—but farewel, compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay *ay*;
And I will take thy word—yet if thou ſwear'ſt
Thou may'ſt prove falſe: at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo!
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully!
Or, if you think I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *nay*,
So thou wilt woo; but elſe not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light;
But truſt me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than thoſe that have more coying to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops——
Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, the inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul.

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love———

Jul. Well, do not ſwear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay it lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night—as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within. Dear love, adieu! [*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam!

I come anon——but if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee—[*Within:* Madam!] By and by I come—
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul——
Jul. A thouſand times good-night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! Romeo, hiſt! O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this taſſel gentle back again.
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſic to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My ſweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I 'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'T is almoſt morning. I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.—

Good-

Good-night, good-night: parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good-night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly friar's cloſe cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

No. XXVII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT III. SCENE III. *The Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

FRIAR.

ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom!

Rom. What leſs than doomſday is the Prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.

Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not ſay baniſhment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou baniſhed.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That baniſhment
Is death miſ-term'd; calling death baniſhment,
Thou cutt'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.

Fri.

Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word Death to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
Which even in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin.
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;
And ſay'ſt thou yet that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not——he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed, to kill me? Baniſhed!
O Friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it. How haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſs'd,
To mangle me with that word, Baniſhment?
Fri. Fond madman, hear me ſpeak.———
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I 'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? Hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet:
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more——
Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered;
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyſelf.
[*Knock within.*

Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes. [*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(Who 's there?)—Romeo, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken—(Stay awhile)—ſtand up: [*Knocks.*
Run to my ſtudy—(By and by)—God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this?—I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what 's your will?

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy friar, oh tell me, holy friar,
Where is my Lady's Lord? where 's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up———ſtand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an——

Rom. Oh, Nurſe!——

Nurſe. Ah, Sir! ah, Sir!——Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'ſt thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps:

And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up;
And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.—Tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand.
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.
Thy tears are womaniſh; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Unſeemly woman in a ſeeming man!
And ill-beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain Tybalt? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, and heaven and earth,
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt loſe?
Fy! fy! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both.
Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk,
Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.
What! rouſe thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt Tybalt; there thou 'rt happy too.

The

The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array,
But, like a miſbehav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
Aſcend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:
But, look, thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet;
For then thou canſt not paſs to Mantua,
Where thou ſhalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, Nurſe. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurſe. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long,
To hear good counſel. Oh, what learning is!
My Lord, I 'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence. Good-night. And here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either begone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day, diſguis'd from hence,
Sojourn in Mantua; I 'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here.
Give me thy hand! 'T is late. Farewel. Good-night.

Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

No. XXVIII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT IV. SCENE III. *Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurse.*

JULIET.

AY, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So, please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night:
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
Come, phial——what if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the Count?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there——
[*Laying down a dagger.*
——What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
——How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Comes to redeem me? There 's a fearful point!

Shall

Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there be ſtrangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſt'ring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort;
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad?
Or, if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Environed with all theſe hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his ſhroud?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! Methinks I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out Romeo, that did ſpit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, ſtay!
Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

No. XXIX.—HAMLET.

Act I. Scene II. Hamlet.

HAMLET.

O H, that this too, too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on 't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

That

That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two——
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr; ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not let even the winds of heaven
Viſit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Muſt I remember?—Why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: yet within a month,——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or e'er thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears—Why ſhe, even ſhe——
O heaven! a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!—
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She married.—Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordſhip!

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio ——— or do I forget myſelf?

Hor. The ſame, my Lord, and your poor ſervant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend, I 'll change that name with you;
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus!

Mar. My good Lord——

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſten of your own report

Againſt

Againſt yourſelf. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in Elſinoor?
We 'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pr'y thee do not mock me, fellow ſtudent;
I think it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage-tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heaven,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, Horatio!
My father——methinks, I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my Lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My Lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! whom?———
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hor. Seaſon your admiration but awhile
With an attentive ear; till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vaſt and middle of the night
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *cap-à-pie*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppreſs'd and fear-ſurpriſed eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they, diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The

The apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.
Ham. 'T is very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh, yes, my Lord, he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like. Staid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw 't.
Ham. His beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I 'll watch to-night; perchance 't will walk again.

Hor.

Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I 'll ſpeak to it, though hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befal to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves; ſo fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I 'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewel.
My father's ſpirit in arms! all is not well.
I doubt ſome foul play. Would the night were come!
Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul. Foul deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

No. XXX.——HAMLET.

ACT II. SCENE III. *An Apartment in* Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

LAERTES.
MY neceſſaries are embark'd. Farewel.
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; though ſweet, not laſting:
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute;
No more.——
Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil, nor cautel, doth beſmerch,
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depend
The ſanity and health of the whole ſtate:
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he's head. Then, if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chaſteſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then; beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall the effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchmen to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt, like a puff'd and careleſs libertine,

Himſelf

Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own read.
Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long;—but here my father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace:
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for. There;——
My bleſſing with you; [*Laying his hand on Laertes's head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the oppoſer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear; but few thy voice:
Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!
Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.
Pol. The time invites you; go, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have ſaid.
Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd,

And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* Laer.
Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath ſaid to you?
Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you. Think yourſelf a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging it thus) you 'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call' t: Go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my Lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promiſe, as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of thy maiden preſence;
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parly. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,

Do

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their inveſtments ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you. Come your way.
Oph. I ſhall obey, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Nº. XXXI.—HAMLET.

ACT II. SCENE IV. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

HAMLET.

THE air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold,
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. I heard it not. It then draws near the ſeaſon
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſic within.*
What does this mean, my Lord?
Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?
Ham. Ay, marry is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manor born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe

And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* Laer.
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And to the manor born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,
Makes us tradue'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe

Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin,
By the o'er-growth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar,
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault——The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hears'd in death,
Have burſt their cearments? Why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corſe, again, in complete ſteel,
Reviſitſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature,
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?

Say,

Say, why is this? Wherefore? what ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you off to a removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak: then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again.—I' ll follow it——

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my Lord;
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill.—Go on, I' ll follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven I' ll make a ghoſt of him that lets me.
I ſay, away—Go on—I' ll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.

Mar. Let 's follow!—'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let 's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

N°. XXXII.—HAMLET.

ACT II. SCENE IV. *A remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

HAMLET.

WHITHER wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor Ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires;
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood. Liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love——
Ham. O heaven!

Ghoſt.

Hamlet. *Where wilt thou lead me? speak,*
I'll go no further.

Ghoft. *Mark me!*

Ham. *I will.*

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf,
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
'T is given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts—
O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!—won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous queen.
Oh Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air——
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecret hour thy uncle ſtole,
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour

The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſilver it courſes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.——
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once diſpatch'd;
Cut off, even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, diſappointed, unanneal'd:
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you hoſt of heaven! oh earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell?—— Oh, hold my heart,
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;
But bear me ſtiffly up. Remember thee——
Ay, thou poor Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe. Remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd

Unmix'd with baſer matter. Yes, by heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain! ſmiling damned villain!
My tables—meet it is, I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain!
At leaſt I 'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmark. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, Adieu, adieu! remember me.
I 've ſworn it.——

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord——
Mar. Lord Hamlet!——
Hor. Heaven ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Hillo, ho, ho, my Lord
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.
Mar. How is 't, my noble Lord?
Hor. What news, my Lord?
Ham. Oh, wonderful!
Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you 'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you 'll be ſecret——
Both. Ay, by heaven, my Lord.
Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghoſt, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part;
You, as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you
For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is; and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my Lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my Lord?
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the stage.*
Ham. Ah ha, boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my Lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. Swear.
Ham. Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Never to speak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. Swear by his sword.
Ham. Well said, old mole, canst work i' the ground so fast?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wond'rous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than

Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, (ſo help you mercy!)
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on,
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, *Well—we know*——or, *We could, and if we would*—
Or, *If we liſt to ſpeak*—or, *There be, and if there might*—
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out, denote
That you know aught of me: This do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit. So, gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as Hamlet is
May do to expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack. Let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; oh, curſed ſpite!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

No. XXXIII.—HAMLET.

ACT III. SCENE IV. *The Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

POLONIUS.

HE will come ſtraight; look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here;
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother——

Queen. I 'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw; I hear him coming.

[Polonius *hides himself behind the arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what 's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What 's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo:
You are the Queen, your huſband's brother's wife;
But, would you were not ſo!—You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I 'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge.
You go not, till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me.
Help, ho!
Pol. What ho! help. [*Behind the arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!

[Hamlet *kills* Polonius.

Pol. Oh, I am ſlain!
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King!
Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel! [*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune.
Thou find'ſt to be too buſy, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it be proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a blifter there; makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths—Oh, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoul; and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers;
See, what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himſelf;
An eye, like Mars, to threaten or command;
A ſtation, like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This *was* your huſband——Look you now, what follows;
Here *is* your huſband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
The hey-dey in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have,
Elſe could you not have motion; but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd, for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a difference.—What devil was 't,

That

That thou hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And reaſon panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul;
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the naſty ſty!

Queen. Oh, ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!——
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord! A vice of Kings!——
A cutpurſe of the empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole,
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches——
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, [*Starting up.*
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he 's mad!——

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That, laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O ſay!

Ghoſt. Do not forget. This viſitation

Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep;
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourſelves.

Ham. Why, look you there! Look how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal. [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodileſs creation ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in

Ham. Ecſtaſy!
My pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſic. 'T is not madneſs
That I have utter'd. Bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;

Whilſt

Whilſt rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heaven;
Repent what 's paſt, avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of Vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh, Hamlet! thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat,
Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter ev'n the devil, or throw him out
With wond'rous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I 'll bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame Lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh this with me, and me with this,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do.
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That

That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know.
For who that 's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 't is so concluded on.

Ham. There 's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man shall set me packing.
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you,
Good night, mother. [*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

No. XXXIV.——HAMLET.

Act V. Scene I. *A Churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns with Spades, &c.

1 Clown.

Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.*

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is; therefore make her grave ſtraight. The crowner hath ſat on her, and finds it Chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 't is found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point: if I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman Delver.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here ſtands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is 't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of Chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſayſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſtian. Come, my ſpade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? The Scripture ſays, Adam digg'd: could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gal-

lows

lows does well; but how does it well? It does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To 't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker: the houſes he makes laſt till doomſday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, ah, my behove,
Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'T is e'en ſo. The hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the firſt murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, "Good-morrow, "ſweet

"sweet Lord; how dost thou, good Lord?" This might be my Lord such-a-one's, that prais'd my Lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it. Might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so; and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here 's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? Mine ake to think on 't.

Clown sings.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. There 's another. Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now? his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? Ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheeps-skins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir——

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in 't.

Clown. You lye out on 't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lye in 't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in 't, to be in 't, and say 't is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou lyest.

Clown.

Clown. 'T is a quick lye, Sir, 't will away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

Clown. One that was a woman, Sir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe 's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is! We muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our laſt king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet was born, he that was mad, and ſent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into England?

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad: he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'T will not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in Denmark. I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

Clown. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky corſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying-in, he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while: and your water

is a ſore decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here 's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whoreſon mad fellow's it was. Whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was Yorick's ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning! Quite chap-fallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come: make her laugh at that.—Pry'thee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think Alexander look'd o' this faſhion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh! [*Smelling to the ſkull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander, till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæſar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!

No. XXXV.—OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III. *Council Chamber.*

Duke, Senators, &c.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Roderigo, *and Officers.*

DUKE.

VALIANT Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you
Againſt the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior: [*To* Brabantio.
We lack'd your counſel, and your help, to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me:
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed: nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!—

Sen. Dead?——

Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtol'n from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
Being not deficient, blind, nor lame of ſenſe,
Sans witchcraft, could not——

Duke. Whoe'r he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper ſon
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate for the ſtate affairs
Hath hither brought.

All. We 're very ſorry for 't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?

Bra.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſignors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in ſpeech,
And little bleſt with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith
Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf: and ſhe, in ſpite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with that ſhe fear'd to look on—
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs, perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern ſeeming, do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?

Or

Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Deſdemona hither. [*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you beſt know the place.
[*Exit* Iago.

And till ſhe come, as truly as to heaven
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I 'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year, the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſs'd.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory;
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak; ſuch was the proceſs;
And of the Canibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. All theſe to hear
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe; which I obſerving,

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively. I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, "In faith, 't was ſtrange, 't was paſſing ſtrange,
"'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful"—
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heaven had made her ſuch a man.—She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſs'd,
And I lov'd her that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady; let her witneſs it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs:
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty,
To you I 'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You 're the lord of duty;
I 'm hitherto your daughter. But here 's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;

So

So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you; I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I 'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour.————
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So, let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears,
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences, to ſugar or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
Beſeech you now to the affairs o' th' State.

Duke. The Turk with a mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you; and though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardineſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the Ottomites.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place, and exhibition,
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your proſperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, Deſdemona?

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart 's ſubdued
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords. 'Beſeech you let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my defunct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heaven defend your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,

For

For ſhe is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and active inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs,
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; the affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it. You muſt hence to-night.

Deſ. To-night, my Lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you,
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo;
Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor. Uſe Deſdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to ſee:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit Duke, with Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honeſt Iago,
My Deſdemona muſt I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, Deſdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

No. XXXVI.—OTHELLO.

Act III. Scene III. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, *and* Æmilia.

Desdemona.

Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do. I know it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh, that 's an honest fellow. Doubt not, Cassio,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know 't; I thank you. You do love my Lord;
You 've known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article. My Lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello *and* Iago, *at distance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave.

Des.

Def. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now. I am very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Def. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Hah! I like not that———
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Caſſio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Caſſio, my Lord? No, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe 't was he.
Def. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean?
Def. Why, your lieutenant Caſſio. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. Ay, ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet Deſdemona; ſome other time.
Def. But ſhall 't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, ſweet, for you.
Def. Shall 't be to-night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to-night.
Def. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home;
I meet the Captains at the Citadel.
Def. Why then to-morrow night, or Tueſday morn,
Or Tueſday noon, or night, or Wedneſday morn?
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days. In faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples

Out of their beſt, is not almoſt a fault
To incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you could aſk me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mammering on? What! Michael Caſſio,
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part—to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me I could do much———

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more. Let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Def. Why, this is not a boon.
'T is as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poiſe and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing;
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.

Def. Shall I deny you? No. Farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Deſdemona; I 'll come ſtraight.

Def. Æmilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

Oth. Excellent wretch!——Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord———

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt. Why doſt thou aſk?

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth.

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?
Oth. Honeſt! ay, honeſt.
Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What doſt thou think?
Iago. Think, my Lord!——
Oth. Think, my Lord! Why doſt thou echo me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn? Thou doſt mean ſomething;
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that*,
When Caſſio left my wife. What didſt not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou criedſt, *indeed!*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou doſt:
And, for I know thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that 's juſt,
They 're cloſe dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Caſſio,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why then, I think, Caſſio 's an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this;
I pray thee ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts!—Why, ſay, they are vile and falſe;
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,
As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſe; and oft my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not; I entreat you then,
From one that ſo improbably conceits,
Your wiſdom would not build yourſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 't is ſomething, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed!

Oth. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts———

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 't is in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealouſy;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. Oh miſery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineleſs is as poor as winter,

To

To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou I 'd make a life of jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſuffolate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous,
To ſay my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well:
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, Iago,
I 'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealouſy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof:
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with Caſſio;
Wear your eye thus; not jealous, nor ſecure.
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to 't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In Venice they do let heaven ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Go to, then;
She that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak—
He thought 't was witchcraft——But I 'm much to blame:

I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I'm bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But I do ſee you 're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo, my Lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
As my thoughts aim not at. Caſſio 's my worthy friend.
My Lord, I ſee you 're mov'd———
Oth. No, not much mov'd———
I do not think but Deſdemona's honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf———
Iago. Ay, there 's the point; as, to be bold with you,
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things Nature tends,
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel!
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t' obſerve. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?——
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My Lord, I would I might entreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Although 'tis fit that Caſſio have his place,

For

For ſure he fills it up with great ability;
Yet, if you pleaſe to hold him off awhile,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means.
Note if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
As worthy cauſe I have to fear I am;
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities with a learned ſpirit
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Though that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I 'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that 's not much;
She 's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uſe. Yet 't is the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe:
'T is deſtiny unſhunnable, like death.
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Deſdemona comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh then Heaven mocks itſelf:
I 'll not believe 't.

Deſ. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth.

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def. Why, that 's with watching; 't will away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little.

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

Def. I am very sorry that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago;
What he 'll do with it, Heaven knows, not I:
I nothing know but for his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench! give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with 't, you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,

Give 't

Give 't me again. Poor lady! ſhe 'll run mad
When ſhe ſhall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known on 't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit* Æmilia.
I will in Caſſio's lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſon:
Dangerous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.—I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou owedſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha! Falſe? To me! to me!
Iago. Why, how now, General? No more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou haſt ſet me on the rack.
I ſwear 't is better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How, my Lord?
Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen hours of luſt?
I ſaw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolen,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind, farewel content,
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That makes ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,

Pride,

Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't poſſible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold of him.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee 't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord——

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horror's head horrors accumulate!
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul, or ſenſe?
God be wi' you! Take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I 'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay. Thou ſhouldſt be honeſt——

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not.
I 'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As Dian's viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poiſon or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I 'll not endure 't. 'Would I were ſatisfied!

Iago.

Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, I will.
Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you be ſupervisor, groſsly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where 's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have it.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe 's diſloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſince I 'm enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to 't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Caſſio lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.———
There are a kind of men ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs.
One of this kind is Caſſio:
In ſleep I heard him ſay, "Sweet Deſdemona,
"Let us be wary; let us hide our loves!"
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry, "Oh, ſweet creature!" and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh'd and kiſs'd, and then
Cried, "Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."
Oth. Oh, monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet.——Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.
Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief
(I 'm sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that———
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 't was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true.——Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'T is gone———
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood! blood! blood!——
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.——Now, by yon marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words———
Iago. Do not rise yet. [Iago *kneels.*
Witness, ye ever-burning lights above!

Ye

Ye elements that clip us round about!
Witneſs that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's ſervice. Let him command;
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous;
And will upon the inſtant put thee to 't.
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay
That Caſſio's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead;
'T is done at your requeſt. But, let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Nº. XX XVII.——OTHELLO.

ACT. V. SCENE. II. *A Bed-chamber:* Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a light and a ſword.*

OTHELLO.

IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars;
It is the cauſe.——Yet I 'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter. [*Lays down the ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent: but once put out thy light,

Thou

Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relumine.— [*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither——I 'll ſmell it on the tree;
[*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword!—one more; one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more; and that's the laſt.
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears. This ſorrow's heavenly;
It ſtrikes where it doth love.——She wakes——
Deſ. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Deſdemona.
Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Deſdemona?
Deſ. Ay, my Lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.
Deſ. Alack, my Lord!
What may you mean by that!
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit;
No, heavens forefend! I would not kill thy ſoul.
Deſ. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Deſ. Then heaven have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me!
Oth. Hum.
Deſ. And yet I fear you! for you 're fatal then,
When your eyes roll ſo. Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not; yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Deſ. They 're loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dieſt.
Deſ. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas,

Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
Theſe are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo. What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt Caſſio.
Def. No, by my life and ſoul! Send for the man
And aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove nor choak the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Def. Oh, heaven have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, Amen.
Def. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Caſſio,
But with ſuch general warrantry of heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I ſaw my handkerchief in his hand.
Oh! perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And mak'ſt me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſs'd.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee—
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd.
Honeſt Iago hath ta'en order for' t.

Def.

Deſd. My fear interprets then. What? is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.
Deſd. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Deſd. Oh baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, ſtrumpet!
Deſd. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive———
Deſd. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Deſd. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

Æmilia, *at the door.*

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! What, ho! my Lord, my Lord!
Oth. What noiſe is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo!
Æmil. [*within.*] What, ho! my Lord, my Lord!
Oth. Who 's there?
Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.
Oth. Yes, 't is Æmilia—by and by—ſhe 's dead.
'T is like ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death;
The noiſe was high.——Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? Were 't good?
I think ſhe ſtirs again. No. What 's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe 'll ſure ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable, oh heavy hour!
Methinks it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Æmil. I do beſeech you I may ſpeak with you.
Oh, good my Lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, Æmilia.
Soft!

Soft! by and by—let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord! yonder 's foul murder done.
Oth. What! now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. Caſſio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, called Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd? and Caſſio kill'd?
Æmil. No, Caſſio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Caſſio kill'd? Then murder 's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.
Deſ. Oh, falſely, falſely murder'd——
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! oh, lady, ſpeak again!
Sweet Deſdemona! oh, ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak!
Deſ. A guiltleſs death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Deſ. Nobody, I myſelf. Farewel!
Commend me to my kind Lord. Oh, farewel! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay, herſelf; it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo; I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'T was I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh, the more angel ſhe, and you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou doſt belye her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. O, ſhe was heavenly true.
Oth. Caſſio did tup her: aſk thy huſband elſe.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But

But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy huſband knew it all.
Æmil. My huſband?
Oth. Thy huſband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Caſſio. Had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I 'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My huſband?
Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My huſband?
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay thy huſband.
Æmil. Oh miſtreſs! villainy has made mocks with love.
My huſband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt Iago.
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lyes to the heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Hah!—
Æmil. Do thy worſt.
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou 'ſt done a deed—
I care not for thy ſword—I 'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murder! murder!

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